

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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A SLIP IN THE FENS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE dining-room was a long, low, narrow room, made out of the original farm parlour. But when they had lengthened it, the narrow French window that replaced the old one did not give light enough for its increased size; and a rustic verandah outside made it still darker, giving it a sombre out-of-the-world look, as if it had a secret with the heavy trees that brooded over the garden and this end of the house. These had sheltered an undergrowth of thorn and southern-wood and rosemary—at times, their strong scent filled the room, and made it feel sad. Most people thought it sad—for only a few had seen it when the low level rays stole into the garden, touching the flowers, and brightening the colours on the parlour wall.

The two girls now standing under the verandah were as indifferent to what it was then as to what it might be. Laura Langdale and Miss Grey were downstairs sooner than the rest of the party. The former wore something pale and silky and blue, very much fringed out; her hair, too, was much fringed out; long streamers of pale blue ribbon hung down from it, as if they were too weak to bind it up as they pretended to do; silver ornaments of a faint pattern completed her dress, which was not chosen without thought to-day. Hers was the "soft feminine style."

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Miss Grey did not affect this. She had seen too much of the "soft feminine style" as exemplified in her mother, *so much* that her notion of comfort was to be rid of it altogether; and, as that was impossible as long as she remained with her, she carried it out the more rigorously in all that concerned herself. She hated to be so frilled over that she could not move freely; and if the total absence of ornament showed she despised conventional taste, the good lines of her rich brown silk proved that she had taste of another kind, and its shadow set off her red hair so that it looked almost grand. Her plainness of speech and of person were eminently displeasing to her mother, who never tired of expatiating on the beauty of the Craddocks—her own family. Often, after levelling her glass at her ill-favoured daughter, she would remind her that she was "a Grey, anybody might see that." But of late Mrs. Grey had accepted this, and furnished herself, as in the present case, with a friend or niece, whose flounces and flirtations supplied her with the interest of which she had been deprived through its legitimate channel. Mildred was generally thought severe—and not unnaturally—for her mother's sentimentalities frequently provoked her to say many things that were no index to her real character. She was not looking very pleasant now, for Laura was never a congenial companion, and she was dis-

pleased and disgusted with her silly behaviour to-day, so she was in no mood for talking. Neither was Laura, who, while she fidgeted with her ribbons, and fluttered about waiting for Claude, was still smarting from the remembrance of his curt dismissal of her. However, when he came in, she received him with as sweet a smile as ever, and the idle chattering was resumed between them quite as unrestrainedly as if Claude had not forgotten his politeness half an hour ago. Mildred looked on quietly, and Claude took no pains to conceal from his cousin whatever amusement Laura's too evident admiration gave him. He liked Mildred better when, as in the present instance, her satire was in sympathy with his feelings; at other times he felt conscious of weakness in her presence, for his aunt would often say he was more like her than her own child, and he felt how Mildred applied such praise. They had not talked long, when Elsie came in to lay the table, and Claude sauntered out into the garden, followed by Laura, who was at once enthusiastic in praise of the flowers, and of the fens generally.

Although Elsie was quick, and anxious to get out of the room for her own sake, she could not help giving one eager, inquiring look after them, and it was so far satisfactory that she felt sure Claude was not "in love" with Miss Langdale. Mildred noticed this, and wondered at it, for she thought "it did not look at all like Elsie," whose beauty had prejudiced her in her favour.

A few minutes after, they all came in, headed by Bordale, who was telling Claude that Dobree would find his way out in the evening; he had sent a note just before they started, saying that they were not to wait for him. They each said something about being very glad, except Claude, who was really so glad that he said nothing, for he depended on Dobree to entertain his aunt, and he was beginning to think what it would be if he had to do that himself.

Mr. Lillingstone joined them now, and asked Claude with formal facetious-

ness if he was not going to give them something to eat.

Claude said, "They were waiting for Aunt Caroline, he believed," and he turned towards Mildred.

Mr. Lillingstone "hoped her dear mother had not been over-tired."

"Yes; she had been very tired, and was then resting in Mrs. Gaithorne's parlour. She would go and tell her they were waiting."

"No, my dear," her uncle said, touching her shoulder lightly with his double eye-glass, "I will fetch your mother myself;" and he went out of the room with quite a juvenile air. Since he had increased in years and in corpulence, he had more than once groaned under the exactions of his sister-in-law, but, yielding to the attractions of opposites, "On the whole he admired her style," and, especially when they had been separated for some time, he would speak warmly in her praise. "She was not like the women of the present day; Caroline might have many fancies, but, at least, she knew what was due to her."

The young men had brightened up at the notion of "fetching Aunt Caroline," for they were hungry, and did not care to settle to any amusement. Bordale talked, in what was an undertone for him, to Miss Grey, and Luard stretched himself in a low chair, and watched Claude and Laura in such a quiet way that no one suspected how observant he was.

Laura looked out of the window, then up into Claude's face. "It is so delicious to be in the country; it seems quite out of place to talk of eating—don't you think so?"

"I must confess to liking a dinner occasionally," said Claude, as he turned away from the window.

Bordale's tone had grown louder, and drew general attention. "A relation of his had bought a place—Devonshire—good fish-ponds, and——"

He stopped so suddenly that they all looked round and saw Mrs. Grey leaning on her brother's arm, followed by Elsie carrying a cushion, a fur cloak, and an enormous fan.

There was a general movement to receive her. Claude offered her a chair. "Should it be opposite the window to enjoy the garden?"

"No, such a shocking glare."

"Then, with her back to it?"

Worse—"Did he think she could bear the draught?"

Then there was a great bustle to find a place, for she looked as if she could not stand a moment longer. Bordale seemed at a loss, for loud talking was out of place. Luard looked ashamed of himself for being so long-legged, and tried his best to get out of everyone's way. Laura began to act tender nurse; but, failing in this, did some mischief with the wraps which Elsie set right in a firm, quiet way. This Mildred acknowledged with a kind look of intelligence, and, at last, a place was found where she could see out of the window, and yet be out of the draught. Mr. Lillingstone had overlooked and guided the arrangement, pointing with his eyeglass.

Mrs. Grey was covered with Indian embroideries, and mixed colours, that allowed but a confused notion of her dress, and suggested the last stage of debility. Her fluffy grey hair was daintily set in curls in the style of the old Empire, and a little French head-dress was fitted into the midst of them in a way that became her fragile features to perfection. After smelling her salts and looking slowly round the circle with half-closed eyes, she said, that, although she had come in, she was not at all sure she would be able to take anything.

This announcement was received with some faint expostulation, but, beyond that, it failed of any effect, for the whole party were too much occupied with themselves for the moment. Mr. Lillingstone had taken the head of the table as a matter of course; and Claude asked his cousin to make tea, without appearing to notice Laura's self-conscious look, meant to recall their previous banter. Seeing that Bordale had already placed a chair for her on the opposite side of the table, he took a seat near Mildred,

thankful that the "quiet" Luard separated him from Aunt Grey:—"Now, perhaps, he might give Elsie a look unseen by the others."

But one glance at her, as she came and stood behind Mildred's chair, showed him he would get no such chance, for she avoided meeting his eyes in a way that was not to be mistaken; so he made up his mind to give up that, and find her out during the evening, as soon as he could get an opportunity.

Elsie, in her turn, had leisure to observe them, for Miss Grey's orders were few, and easily followed, and all—including Mrs. Grey—were so occupied with their knives and forks, that there was not much said to interrupt her thoughts. Busy as she had been till now, she had gained a great insight into herself, for she saw as clearly as if a picture had been put before her, her life of the last few weeks—how she had allowed herself to go on from one interview to another, without thinking of the end—how she had done wrong in keeping all this from her mother, and no longer deserved the trust of which she had always been so proud. She could not yet quite understand *how far* it was wrong; for, though Claude's manner lately had implied that he would marry her, he had not spoken much of any but his own concerns. Yet she felt sure that if nothing had happened to open her eyes, she could have gone on in this way, till at last she would hardly have known right from wrong. She had already decided that as soon as his people left, she would tell him all this: and then, she would never trust him again,—but *that* would be easy, for she would not see more of him than she could help. Gradually, as these thoughts passed through her mind, a few stray sentences dropped out and began a conversation—one of society's conversations; and, as she listened, she grew more and more oppressed by the sense of distance which class difference forced upon her. Not that she heard much, for Miss Grey noticed her forlorn expression, and, attributing it to her ignorance of such service, sent her away as

soon as she could spare her; but, little as it was, it confirmed her unfavourable opinion of them. The constant forced smile, the secret discontent, the great excitement about trifles, the pampered vapid look that sought only enjoyment in life, the softness of their dainty clothes, the faint perfume that pervaded them, were all sickening to her; and when she looked at Claude and saw his likeness to them—saw how thoroughly he was one of them—when she knew he could see her suffer and be careless, she felt heartsick and undone.

It was not till the end of the meal that the real talking began. Mrs. Grey had supposed "there could be very little county visiting down there; they had not passed one nice-looking place during the drive."

Mr. Lillingstone assured her, "There were some very good estates, but very few of the owners cared to live on them—who would?"

Bordale decided for them all, that "there was nothing worth noticing in the fens."

Yet, Mrs. Grey "thought she recollected that one of the Craddocks, Reginald's half-sister; it was *her* daughter—you must remember her, Mildred—whom Sir Stephen admired so much at the Pavilion ball last year, a lovely blonde, quite a Craddock; but, no, I don't think you were there"—and she turned away from her daughter with a dissatisfied air—"her mother married some one with property in this neighbourhood, I do not exactly remember his name."

Mildred never did remember who the Craddocks had married.

Her uncle tried to make up for her indifference. "Ah! yes—good match, very!" but neither did *he* remember the name.

Claude half closed his eyes as if he was trying to recall it, to the gratification of his aunt,—“such a finished gentleman was dear Claude.”

But Luard soon put an end to his enjoyment of this easy hypocrisy by drawing his attention, in a persistent undertone, to Laura, who for some time

had been doing all she could to gain Claude's notice, though with difficulty, for he had perceived it.

Now, however, he was obliged to rouse himself, and he sat up with an effort.

"You called this 'The Hermitage' the other day, Mr. Lillingstone; is there one here?"

"My 'Hermitage,' I said; you know *why* I am here."

He was vexed about Elsie. Mildred was surprised, and eyed him inquiringly. Luard smiled to himself. As for Aunt Grey, she did not see this flaw in her dear Claude's behaviour, as she and Mr. Lillingstone had lost themselves in a discussion of pedigrees.

Bordale was more than ready to fill the pause. "Hermitage! yes, of course there's one, or something very like one, with a first-rate ghost story attached to it too."

Laura was discomfited, and her interest had flagged; but Mildred came to his help: "Now *do* tell it us, Mr. Bordale; we are all dependent on you, for Claude does not seem inclined to interest us much in the fens."

"You couldn't expect him to care for them himself—I daresay he has not forgotten the baptism he had into them the other day," said Bordale, laughing; "but the story I spoke of is not known to everybody," he began with a shrug, and slight wave of his hand: "it is called the 'ghosts of the covered way.'"

"Bought a guide-book?" Claude whispered.

"That is ungrateful of you," Mildred answered, in the same low tone, looking fixedly at him.

"What do you mean?" he spoke hurriedly, and avoided her scrutiny.

Mildred did not answer, but she smiled satirically, as she turned again to Bordale.

"There are many similar legends in the neighbourhood," he was saying, and his tone quite justified Claude's hint about the guide-book, "and that this district was rich in monastic buildings is proved by the remains extant; also the notion that the inmates commu-

nicated with each other by means of subterranean tunnels has reasonable ground—awkward times they lived in, those old monks! 'Bout the safest thing they could do. One of the most important of these was Spinney Abbey, about a quarter of a mile out of the village; a rich convent with smaller ones dependent on it, and the largest of them stood in the middle of Wicken. The ruins of it were removed quite recently, and the superstition that clings to it must be tolerably strong; for when Dobree was over here a little while ago, he saw some repairs going on at the almshouses, and heard there was a dispute in the parish about the expense; some old stonework close by would have been used for the purpose, but the old women had petitioned against it. Dobree couldn't make it out, he knows nothing of the history of the place; but, of course, *I* saw at once—it must be part of the old Abbey, which was always thought to be haunted; really those low prejudices are quite astounding."

As Bordale paused for breath, they overheard a snatch of the graver conversation that was being carried on by their elders. "They had brought her up so carefully," Mrs. Grey was saying in a plaintive tone, "and introduced her into such a good connection, and then she disgraced them by marrying some common fellow in a marching regiment."

"*I* thought he was a cornet in the Greys," Mr. Lillingstone said reflectively.

"Oh de-ar, no! want of money would have been *no* obstacle. It was some person quite unknown—in the 77th, *I* believe."

"Disgusting," and Mr. Lillingstone looked grave.

"But the ghosts," broke in Laura.

"You shall hear about them presently; but *I* had to explain the neighbourhood before you could understand this particular story. One of the smaller convents was not far from here. The nuns had confessors, of course, but they were not allowed to live within the

walls—never were, you know—so they were quartered in cells called"—he shrugged—"in fact—a—see Maitland's 'Middle Ages' for the correct name. Sort of summer-houses on the extreme limits of their grounds; and *I*'ve been told that Mrs. Gaithorne's dairy is built on the site of one of these cells, which was connected with the convent by an underground passage."

"You didn't show me that," interrupted Luard.

"No trace of it now," and he waived off the digression; "but that is where the ghosts are seen, for it is said that one pretty nun, whose piety exceeded the prescribed form of confession, used to wander down here very often through 'the covered way,' as this passage was called; and, to be short, the Abbess found it out, and the nun was bricked up not far from the confessor's cell."

"Since you are so well up in it," said Claude, "you ought to tell us what became of the confessor as well."

"No; that's beyond me. He disappears from the story altogether, only to reappear with much fame as a ghost of the first magnitude. If you don't believe me, ask these fen people—you won't get one of them to pass the place at night, for *I* assure you"—and he assumed a mock sensational tone—"every night, *punctually* as the clock strikes twelve, a tall figure wearing a cowl appears at the corner of Mrs. Gaithorne's dairy. The door opens slowly, and a veiled woman ascends the steps out of the dairy, and stands by his side, and then——"

"Good heavens! that any man with the blood of a butcher," exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, bringing his hand down on the table with a suddenness that made them all start,—"to think that *any* man with the blood of a butcher in him should have any sense of property." He had been talking to Mrs. Grey till he had worked himself into an excitement about one of his hobbies. "Yes, Claude," he continued, for he saw the young people were staring at him, "the East Mudshire election is over, and *who* do you think has got in? Why, it's an

unheard-of thing. *They*, who had always returned good staunch Conservatives, have actually *disgraced* themselves now, by electing John Pike, the son of a retired butcher! His father had a shop in the High Street. I've seen it myself often, and the boy in it, too," he added, almost fiercely, as if that aggravated the case.

"Serving?" asked Mildred, with forced gravity.

"Serving, child! No. Brought up above his position. Brought up to think himself as good as his betters. *Ed-u-cated*, if you please. And what is the result of it? What might be expected, of course. But," and he pursed up his mouth, lest too strong an expression should escape him in the presence of the ladies, "it makes me indignant to see that fine property of the Cradocks and Mortons, and all those good old families down there, represented by the poor little mealy-faced son of a butcher."

Claude was always overdone by the noise and bustle the old man made when he excited himself. Now his father affected to mistake his distressed effeminate look for one of the profoundest sympathy. Claude's want of interest in all manly concerns was a great disappointment to him, but he hoped against his judgment that this would come; in the meantime, he treated him as if he was what he wished him to be.

Bordale thought he must show some interest, or he would be losing ground in his own—the conversational department; so he pulled at his young moustache, and said in a weighty tone, "Bad thing—very!"

Weak as this was, it was enough to fire the old man again. "Yes," he continued as before, "things are coming to a dreadful pass. There's the same levelling spirit everywhere; what with the competitive examinations and radical changes, *even India* is not what it used to be. Service going to the dogs. It was very different when your father and I were out there together; blood was respected then. Talk of putting the right man in place. I should like to

know who *are* the best men, if they are not gentlemen born and bred to their place; men who have a sense of responsibility, able to keep low pushing fellows in *their* place;" and he drew a hard breath.

Mildred bent forward eagerly, as if she was going to speak: but she leaned back again in her chair, as though she had only wanted to reach something on the table. The other two women kept a smiling silence.

"And if Government," pursued Mr. Lillingstone, "*is* getting more nice about qualifications—and mind, I don't wholly condemn it for that"—inclining his head with an air of concession, "it need not put aside all proper distinctions. Surely there are *some* fine young fellows to be found in the old families that have been associated with India ever since the Company was established."

Bordale opened out his hands over the table with a slight shrug and a gentle inclination of the head, as if he wished to say a modest thing, and to do it delicately. "For *myself*," and he looked deprecatingly at Mr. Lillingstone; "you know all we Bordales are destined for India, and my father wished *me* in particular—in fact, he set his mind on my representing the name there, but, unfortunately, my health; *you* know what it has been for the last six years,"—looking at Claude.

"The thing's impossible,—thing's impossible," said Mr. Lillingstone; "couldn't be thought of."

"This must be a great disappointment to Mr. Bordale," said Mildred, very quietly, "for I have always heard that great things were expected of you."

Claude looked at her sily. Bordale expanded. "Yes, it *was* a disappointment. My brothers are not wanting, as you know, but somehow," and he tried to look meek, "I can't tell you why, my parents settled it that *I* was to be the Bordale of the generation; so I was never sent to school with the others. I was kept at home, and had tutors, *every* advantage possible. *I* was a prodigy. Yes," he exclaimed, warming

with the subject, "you will hardly believe it, Miss Grey, but at fourteen I was as good a man as I am now."

Mildred's face expressed the fullest belief.

"If you want a man with talent and connections, there is Dobree," said Luard; "but do you get men with prospects like his to go out there and be broiled up in a few years?"

"I don't know that," said Bordale, somewhat piqued; "you make a great mistake there. Dobree is a very clever fellow, no doubt, but not at all fitted for public life;" then, turning to Mr. Lillingstone, "He is no speaker. It is quite astounding to me that so many clever men can't speak. There's my friend Brooks, member for Stretton; no doubt about his brains. Well, if you'll believe me, at his election, when he had to address his constituents, he was quite unmanned. It surprised me, for I didn't know his weak point till then. I mounted the hustings with him, and managed to pull him through. When the din was over, he said, 'I have to thank you for that, old fellow;' and a very good thing it was I *did* go down with him." He looked round and saw they were all listening. "As for me, speaking comes naturally to me; whether I am talking to one or two, or whether I address a thousand, I am never at a loss for a word."

"It is certainly a most delightful gift," said Mrs. Grey, arranging the ruffles on her wrist, while she turned to Mr. Lillingstone for confirmation.

He had been tapping his waistcoat with his eye-glass for some time, his eyes fixed on the tablecloth; his voice was somewhat subdued now as he acquiesced: "Very true, very true; a man who can't speak is not very well fitted for public life."

The rest of the party were glad that Mrs. Grey was so unusually moved to speak at the right time; for they felt in danger of an awkward pause. Mildred looked at Claude, and, accustomed as she was to his languid indifference, she wondered that he was so extremely bored now. He was thinking of Elsie,

and longing for all this to be over; for when he had made up his mind not to speak till the end of the evening, he had not realized that the time would seem so very long, and "if it was long to him, what *must* it be to her!"

Luard had kept in the background, as usual. Now and then an undercurrent of amusement had surged up into his face, and passed away again without being seen. He took advantage of the slight pause to say in his sleepiest tone, that Scholefield was a very silent man. "*He's* clever, is he not?" Luard's intimacy with Dobree had grown during the month.

"Clever!" Bordale repeated, looking at Luard almost contemptuously; "clever! yes; but he, too, has the same peculiarity that we were talking about. Scientific man, understands his work, but," he shrugged with an expression meant to convey the most thorough incapacity, "when it comes to *speaking* about it, he's nobody; can't enlarge on it a bit."

"Scholefield?" interrupted Mrs. Grey, "surely you are talking of Nathaniel Scholefield. *He* is first cousin to the young Dobree whom we are expecting here to-night. Their mothers were sisters,—Vivians. We were very intimate, and came out about the same time."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Lillingstone, "but when I married and went out to India, I lost sight of them. Some years after I heard they were married, and that Violet—she was better-looking than her sister, and made the best match—was dead."

Laura woke up to this. "Was that Mr. Scholefield the botanist? She had seen him once; he had red hair, and something odd about his eyes, and"—she hesitated, and looked towards Mr. Lillingstone—"she thought she had heard her papa say he was a Radical."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, and he turned to Mrs. Grey for an explanation of this.

Mrs. Grey's nerves could not bear another outburst, so she warded it off with a sympathetic manner. "Yes,

indeed, Cuthbert, it is a very sad thing, but I am afraid it is only too true, and, therefore, I do not so much regret that when I came back to England I did not renew the acquaintance."

"I have always been sorry for that," said Mildred; "if I may judge by what I have heard, he is a clever, unpretentious man, and I should very much like to have known him."

Mrs. Grey tossed her head with a little laugh. "Unpretentious, of course. No personal advantages; positively peculiar. Very possibly he may be clever; for with his delicate health, his study must be a very pleasant resource to him; but his opinions," she added aside to her brother in a lower tone, "I am told are quite outrageous."

Mr. Lillingstone had had time to look at the matter from his own point of view. "You attach too much importance to these little freaks," he said, in an easy tone of patronage, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair; "that will all pass off in good time. We are all more or less liberal when we are young. Now I appeal to your good sense. He is a Vivian: now, *do* you think it likely he would associate himself with a set of low fellows?"

Mrs. Grey had hardly time to acknowledge the truth of this argument, for talking was heard outside. Luard opened the door, and Dobree walked in, followed by a stranger. The stranger was a conspicuously short man, with square face and forehead, and very little hair, which was light. His face, too, was pale and delicate-looking. His thin close lips seldom smiled, but a peculiar twitch in the corner of his mouth answered to other people's smile, and greatly helped them to the notion that he was satirical.

Mrs. Grey was charmed to see Dobree; then he introduced his cousin Scholefield; she was still more charmed. They were *all* charmed to see Mr. Scholefield.

"We are happy in having a former acquaintance of yours here, who I am sure will be pleased to see you," Mr. Lillingstone said, looking about for

Bordale; but Bordale had retired to the background, and Scholefield searched in vain for a familiar face.

Dobree foresaw an awkwardness, and looked at his cousin intelligently. "You remember Mr. Bordale, with whom you travelled in North Wales," he spoke emphatically, without any regard to his cousin's astonishment. "I did not know we were to meet him here to-night, or I should have told you."

Bordale was glad to follow this lead; he came forward rather crestfallen, and muttered something modest about its being quite natural that Mr. Scholefield should not remember their being together so well as he did.

It was plain that Scholefield did not know him, but he held out his hand. "He had such a pleasant remembrance of that walk, he was always glad to meet any of the friends he made then." His manner was pleasant, and he had a quiet incisive voice.

Mr. Lillingstone was disturbed, and half offended, but he quickly resumed his courteous expression, still keeping his eye on Bordale, however. "This was one of Claude's friends."

Claude himself, and Luard, were amused, each in his own way, and left things to take their course; but Mildred created a diversion by asking Bordale to ring the bell; then Mr. Lillingstone set himself to entertain and "find out" Scholefield, and Mrs. Grey took possession of Dobree. "How strange it was they had never met before; she had always wished to see him, and felt an interest in him, because his mother was one of her very dear friends. Such a lovely creature she was. Yes!" and she looked into his eyes with tender scrutiny, "yes, he had *her* eyes." Her manner promised to be quite pathetic, so Dobree was greatly relieved when Mrs. Gaithorne came in, and Mr. Lillingstone made *her* a centre of interest.

"Well, Mrs. Gaithorne," he said, as she set down the tray of refreshments, "it seems quite like old times to have you waiting upon us again; and if these youngsters are to be trusted, it was a bad day for the old inn when you left

it. They say it is not like the same place now."

Mrs. Gaithorne smiled, as if she was conscious she deserved the praise. She took up the corner of her apron, and smoothed down the hem of it over and over again as she spoke. "Like enough there's some ground for what everybody says, but we mustn't be too hard on the Watsons; they're new to their place, and it's not everybody has got that gift that they can turn their hand to anything. Now, *my* Tom, he was born for his place; his beer and his temper was always sound, they *never* soured, and that's the foundation of an inn."

The hearty chorus of praise that answered her allusion to her husband was best music to Mrs. Gaithorne's ears, but she bore her honours quietly. As she was leaving the room she turned to Dobree. "She was sorry she hadn't room for him and his friend, but she knew the Watsons would do their best to make them comfortable; she had sent down at once to let them know they were expected."

Claude interrupted Dobree's acknowledgments by quoting Bordale, "Any number could be made *uncomfortable* at the inn."

The laugh that followed was out of proportion to the joke, but it restored Bordale's spirits, and so satisfied Claude, who was disturbed when things were not going smoothly around him.

Mrs. Grey had felt obliged to smile graciously on this interruption, but as soon as Mrs. Gaithorne had left the room she resumed her former manner to Dobree. "It had been so dull before he came," in a confidential tone; "they had all been looking forward to his coming to bring a little life into the fens."

He did not receive this as it was meant. "He was extremely sorry, but he knew very little of the place, his cousin was a better authority;" he looked towards Scholefield as if he might be the means of an escape, but that observant person had been watching them from a distance, and from that distance he assured Mrs. Grey that "for

those who had no special object in coming there, there was but little attraction in the fens." He would have continued his conversation with Mr. Lillingstone, but seeing she still expected him to talk, he added, "While I was up at Trinity, I came over here several times for butterflies, and I spent many pleasant days in search of them."

Mr. Lillingstone did not like this interruption: he had begun to talk about Wicken, because it was the most obviously correct subject; but Scholefield's deferential manner pleased him, and now he was becoming really interested in Scholefield's account of the recent inquiry about the remains of the Cromwell family.

"Butterflies! how delightful," Mrs. Grey and Laura had exclaimed in one breath. Laura was quite enthusiastic. "Would he catch some now? Where were they to be found?"

"Dear Mildred will enjoy this," said Mrs. Grey, "she is so fond of intellectual pursuits. In fact, before you came, she had just said she would so much like to know you."

Mildred tried to suppress an angry flush, and said, turning to Scholefield, "My mother would make you think I know a great deal more than I do; I understand so little of butterflies, that I cannot always distinguish them from some of the moths."

Scholefield reserved whatever he could have said about such deficiencies, and told her there was a rare kind of butterfly to be found in the sedge fen, but he was afraid the season was getting rather late for it now.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Grey and Laura hoped not. "It would be such a delightful amusement to look for it."

"You would want nets," Dobree put in quietly; but Claude saw this would be a day out for them to-morrow, and promised to borrow or get some in time. "He believed there might be nets in the house even, for some of Mrs. Gaithorne's lodgers had had them. He would go out and see while they made their arrangements for a day's excursion."

Claude closed the door upon them with a great sense of relief. He could see there was no one in the kitchen, for the door was open; he passed through it and stood on the threshold, to listen for some sound of Elsie, but it was all quiet. The ivy-covered out-houses by the side of the meadow sent long slanting shadows across it, and the trees that crowded over them seemed to blend and be one with them, as they heaved up and down in the lowering light. The cool breeze brought with it sounds of rest; low, murmuring voices from the trees mingled with homely sounds of settling down from the straw-yard. This dream-like quiet seemed to belong to Elsie. How was he to keep this rest for himself? The path to it lay through very great unrest. There were those people he had just left, and beyond them—but he had no time to think that out now, as he saw Elsie coming in from the orchard, and at the same time he became aware that he did not exactly know what he was going to say to her. This little difficulty increased as she came near enough for him to see the look of anger and determination on her face, and he felt instinctively that she would listen to no explanation from him just then; just as instinctively he felt he must try the full influence of his good looks, and the manner which had been so useful to him before now. So he assumed his most penitent expression, and stood in her way on the doorstep that she might be forced to look up and see it. But in this he was disappointed. She looked straight beyond him into the kitchen, and asked him to let her pass in a tone that corresponded with her expression. He took no notice of this, and, smothering the vexation he had not time to indulge, he asked where Mrs. Gaithorne was.

"In the orchard; and she expects me back again quickly; so will you let me pass, if you please, or must I go by the front door?"

This reminded him of the hurry for both. He took the basket she was holding from her promptly, and put it on the table. She let it go, and fol-

lowed him two or three steps into the kitchen, smiling contemptuously at this return of pleasantness now they were alone. As he turned he saw this.

"I'm not surprised you are angry with me, Elsie. There was a wretched misunderstanding. I didn't know myself that my people were coming——"

"Indeed," said Elsie, drily. "But I'm thinking Mrs. Gaithorne'll want to know *who* made the table dirty."

"Table dirty! what table?" he asked, impatiently.

"Where you've put the plums; she won't like that."

"Never mind the table. I've not come to talk about that! I've been wanting to get an opportunity of speaking to you ever since we came."

Elsie sneered. "I've no time now, Mrs. Gaithorne wants me;" taking a dish from the dresser, she began to empty the basket of fruit.

"But you must listen to me. You *must* give me one minute. You are so hard," he said, almost bitterly.

He took the dish from her hands and held them in his, so she could not help hearing, but she still kept her head turned away. He stood looking at her sadly for a minute.

"You think very badly of me, I see. Yet I don't deserve it. If I had been more fortunate, and been able to explain everything to you as soon as we came, you would not have lost faith in me, and I should have been spared some wretched hours."

The curl of Elsie's lip made his heart sink.

"You don't *believe* I tried to find you out. I did. I came round here when they were dressing for dinner; then I went to the dining-room, do you remember? You were there, but not alone. *Now* you say you have no time to hear me." She nodded. "But you will give me a chance of justifying myself before the day is over, unless you wish to make me *quite* miserable."

He paused, hoping Elsie would speak, but she still kept silent. He had thought he understood her by this time, and could easily persuade her. Her imprac-

ticability chafed him now, and yet, he could not tell why, he loved her all the better for it. He would not go on like this much longer. Why should he torment himself, and make Elsie unhappy as well? It would be dishonourable to do so. He would marry her as soon as possible after the others had gone on to Scotland, and they might accommodate themselves to it at their leisure. So he had gained confidence again before he spoke.

"Would you come out here, and speak to me for a few minutes, after the house is quiet? I want to tell you *why* I didn't appear to know you before these people; but more than that, there is something I *must* and *will* say before the day is out. Will you come? I know what I am asking," he added quickly, seeing a new light in Elsie's eye. "I know it is a great thing to ask, but what am I to do? You can't stay now, and I must go back to these people."

He watched her face with an earnestness that made her shake off his hands, and draw back a few steps; then she looked full into his eyes.

"Supposing I *do* go, and Miss Langdale finds it out, what will you say for yourself? what do you think I could say? I don't think we understand each other, Mr. Lillingstone."

She turned away deliberately, and went on with her work as if she had dismissed him.

Claude sat down on a chair near the window. He had not had one thought of Laura since he first spoke to Elsie, and something told him she was not really jealous of her. He was hurt that she should continue so obstinate when he was so much in earnest. He watched her as she moved about piling up the dish of fruit, removing the slight marks the basket had made on the table, and he wondered that anyone so gentle-looking should be so "troublesome" and even "cruel." He would wait and see if she would not say something before going away. But as she was leaving the kitchen without even looking at him, he could bear it no longer.

"Stop, Elsie; surely you are not going without a word!"

She turned round stolidly, but the expression of her face was not quite so determined as before. This was some encouragement. He went up to her quickly, and seized one of her hands.

"Do try to forget this miserable affair, at least until you know more about it. Be generous as you used to be. You *know* I love you; and it's cruel to play with me, for you must have the sense to know I don't care for Miss Langdale. Do you refuse to hear what I have to say; or will you come out as I ask you?"

He waited anxiously for her answer. Elsie turned her face away that he might not see she felt inclined to cry, but her voice was unsteady as she said,—

"I thought that after to-day I could never believe a word you said; but as there is something more than I know of, and I, too, want to speak what is on my mind, I'll go, though it goes hard against me to do it, even now."

He shook her hand warmly, heedless of her reservation; then seeing she glanced uneasily in the direction of the orchard, he said,—

"I must not keep you now even to thank you. I'll go over to the inn with the young men to-night, and stay till I think it is all quiet in the house, then I'll wait outside here, not in the lightest place of course. But don't *you* venture out before you are quite sure it will be safe. In the meantime try to think kindly of me, will you?" and he bent his face down to hers.

"Good-bye," Elsie said hurriedly, and went out. Then, remembering she had been rather hard upon him, she looked back before she turned the corner, nodded kindly, and was out of sight.

Claude was loth to go back to his guests. "He felt so happy; he would explain all this away to-night, and keep her in doubt no longer. He was a fool not to have told her before that he intended to marry her. However, the evening would come to an end some time, and at the most 'they' were not going to stay there more than three days." His

manner was quite buoyant when he returned to the dining-room, and told them, "Though he had been waiting about for some time, he had not seen Mrs. Gaithorne; but even if she had not any nets, he would make it all right."

Then he heard how they had decided on setting off at once to see Spinney Abbey by moonlight. Mr. Scholefield had said he could show them the opening to one of the "covered ways." Mr. Bordale had spoken about "a dark cavernous place with a grating before it!" And they should see the oak-trees under which the monks used to walk; but before that, they were going to explore the scene of Mr. Bordale's ghost story—"even Aunt Grey and Mr. Lillingstone were going to see this."

Claude was in high spirits; nothing could be better—"it was delightful out of doors now;" and later, as Elsie returned the second time from the orchard, she saw the young people going off to the Abbey, and Mrs. Grey and Mr. Lillingstone looking after them from the garden-gate.

They did not return till quite late, and then Mrs. Gaithorne preferred waiting on them herself, in acknowledgment of her former connection with the family; so Elsie saw very little of them until the young men went off to the inn accompanied by Claude. As she was lighting a candle for Mrs. Grey, he gave her a look to remind her of her promise.

Soon after, Elsie went round with Mrs. Gaithorne to shut up the house. As they came to the cellar-door Mrs. Gaithorne said,—

"We must leave this open for Mr. Claude; it's safe enough for the little time he'll be away. I told him to be sure not to forget to turn the key when he comes in."

Elsie said nothing as she passed on, but she felt thankful this was the last deceitful thing she ever intended to do for Claude's asking.

After they separated, Elsie went to her own room, and sat down by the window to watch. She could see the dairy from here quite plainly; for it

stood on the edge of the meadow close to the field, the last of the row of out-houses that reached from the garden along the back of the house. It was covered with ivy like the other buildings, but was separated from the rest by a footpath that crossed the field from the cluster of cottages where the Baileys lived, and made a short cut to the village across the farmyard. This path and the field beyond it were quite bright now, for the moon was in the west. But Elsie could hardly see the dairy door, that opened upon it: wide eaves overhung it, and there were three steps to go down to it. The moonlight fell clear and strong on the heavy masses of ivy that covered the roof. She knew how it caressed the little dimpled faces at home, how it brooded over the starry flowers. "She was very glad that the explanation was to come about so soon, for after that, she would feel right again with her mother, and some day, perhaps, she might tell her about it." As for Claude, she had thought about him all the evening. She believed there was something in the "misunderstanding" which he could make clear; and now, she remembered how surprised these people would have been if they could know the terms they were on, she felt she might have been too quick to get angry with him.

Presently she saw him cross the meadow. He looked up at the house as he passed it, loitered for a minute in the bright little footpath, then went to the back of the dairy, where it was darker and out of sight of his father's window.

Elsie took her shoes in her hand, and went to the door and listened. The house was quite quiet. She crept cautiously past the red room to the top of the oak stairs; she had left the door that opened on them ajar,—she was glad of that now, for it was new to her to go so stealthily, neither was she accustomed to the hollow sounds of a large house. The stairs creaked whenever she moved; and when she held her breath to listen, the house too seemed to hold its breath and listen. Once at the bottom of the stairs she passed quickly through the cellar,

and when she drew the door after her she was glad to have got so far. As she was stooping down to put on her shoes again, she was surprised to see Claude come quickly round the corner and disappear down the steps of the dairy door—she ran past the end of the house, then quickly across the bit of meadow, and was making her way along the wall of the dairy, under the ivy, when a loud scream made her start: she stood still and leaned back against the wall, as a boy rushed past her, still screaming violently.

When the sound ceased, Claude sprang quickly from his hiding-place to look after him, and found himself close to the immoveable figure at his side—a horror seized him in spite of his better sense, and in a moment more his running would have done credit to Cambridge training, if Elsie had not put her hand on his arm, saying with an accent of relief as she pointed in the direction the boy had taken,—

“Don’t be frightened; it’s only a boy.”

“The boy,” whose memory of the legend had just been quickened by the sight of Elsie, turned back as soon as he was within protection of the house, to make sure he had not been deceived. Of course, he saw Claude and Elsie. The ghost story was fulfilled for him; he gave another scream and ran out of the meadow gate as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Poor little fellow,” said Elsie, laughing and withdrawing her hand, “he’s scared enough; but he little knows how he’s frightened us first.”

“It was *you* who frightened me, Elsie, not that fool of a boy.” Claude had now quite recovered. “You ought to have let me know you were here—I might have knocked you down as I jumped up the steps; but look at the light in my father’s window! That cursed boy was enough to wake up the whole neighbourhood. My father will think there are thieves about, and be down upon us in a minute. It’s all up with us now; you must get away somewhere—but not into the house!” for

she was going to make a rush towards it. “The light is leaving the room already. Can’t you find some place about here?”

“Yes, there’s the garden,” Elsie said in a subdued tone, “but how sorry I am I ever came here; I misdoubted it from the beginning.”

“Oh don’t say that, child!” and he stepped in front of her, as she turned away. “Of course you must go back, and there can be no speaking now—but will you promise me that while these people are here you will not condemn me without a hearing, whatever you may see me do, or *hear them say*? You will be my own Elsie, will you not?” She promised readily, for she felt he was in earnest; but he still looked at her, as if she had not spoken; then, bending low, he whispered something that needed no answer. They heard the front door open now, so he was obliged to let her go; but as Elsie disappeared behind the screen of bushes, her doubts and misgivings had disappeared also. The future was bright—the present a moment of excitement, undisturbed by a single anxious thought. Claude decided on staying where he was, till the disturbance had subsided, so he lighted a cigar and walked up and down thinking they would not be likely, to extend their search so far from the house; and if they did, “Why, he was only smoking a cigar!” On the whole, he was not ungrateful for the little incident that made so good an ending to a bad day.

Claude was deceived when he thought that Mr. Lillingstone would suspect thieves. When he was roused by the last scream, he got up and went to the window. The moonlight fell full upon Claude and Elsie. He recognized his son, but was not sure of the other figure, and, thinking something must have happened, he went down to see about it. As he was just unlocking the front door, Mrs. Gaithorne called out from upstairs, “Is that you, sir? Do you know what the noise was about?”

“I am now going to ask Claude about it; he is sure to know, as I see he is not yet come in.”

"Then thank you, sir; since you're going I needn't come down too." She went back to her own room, but remembering that it was Elsie's first night in a strange place, she thought she might be frightened, and went to her room. Great was her surprise when she found the door ajar. She pushed it gently, fearing to wake her, then she saw that Elsie was not there, and that the bed had not been even touched. The shock this gave kept her still for a minute, as she instinctively connected the shriek with Elsie's absence. She hurried back to fetch a shawl, and, wrapping herself in it, she ran downstairs, and followed Mr. Lillingstone into the garden. Hearing talking at the back of the house, she went round just in time to hear Claude say, in a tone of good-humoured satire, "You must have been dreaming of Bordale's ghost stories, and mistaken me for the mysterious monk; and here is Mrs. Gaithorne too," he was going on in the same vein of facetiousness, but she interrupted him in a voice that forbade all jesting, "Have you seen Elsie, Mr. Claude? She's gone from her room, and I'm quite in a way to know what's become of her."

Mr. Lillingstone compressed his lips and looked in a steady lowering way from Mrs. Gaithorne to his son, but he said nothing.

"The screaming is easily accounted for," Claude explained. "A boy came across the field as I was walking up and down here, and I can only suppose he took me for the ghost, for he ran through your place shouting enough to rouse the village. I am sorry I cannot tell you as much about your maid," and he shrugged his shoulders in an off-hand manner; "but, if I can render you any assistance, I will help to look for her," and he moved as if he was ready to begin the search at once.

But his father did *not* move.

"Stop, Claude!" he said, fixing his eyes sternly on his son. "Our good Mrs. Gaithorne is such an old friend that I do not mind speaking plainly before her, for I am afraid I see more in

this ghost story than most people give it credit for." Then, turning to Mrs. Gaithorne, who had been waiting impatiently, "I think you have no occasion to be anxious about the young girl just yet; for when I looked out of the window, I decidedly did see a young woman standing here with our Claude. And now I remember it, the figure *was* like that of your maid, though it did not occur to me at the time. Now, sir"—to his son—"how do you explain this? for I am not so superstitious as you would wish me to be, nor is my sight so confused as you represent it."

Claude felt he was in an ugly position, but, while his father was speaking, he determined on keeping to his first version. So he said, with as little concern as possible, "Well, perhaps the girl may have been out; it's not my business to keep watch over the house. I have only just come back from the inn, and have seen no one but the boy."

Mrs. Gaithorne had looked in amazement from one to the other. Her first vague fear about Elsie had changed to a very definite anxiety as Mr. Lillingstone's words gave a new turn to it. Feeling almost convinced against her will that it *was* Elsie whom the old gentleman had seen, she walked back quickly to the house without waiting for another word. Mr. Lillingstone followed her with his eye till she was out of sight, then he turned to Claude with a satirical smile,—

"You see the airiness of your story seems to convey a solid truth to Mrs. Gaithorne. It is hardly so satisfactory to me. However, since you do not choose to explain away what I believe to be a lie, you may consider yourself under my displeasure till this is cleared up," and the old gentleman returned to the house.

If Claude thought but irreverently of his father in his dressing-gown, and listened with a sneer to the loose flapping of his slippers on the brick path, it might be forgiven him in consideration of the vexatious circumstances in which they had played a part.

Elsie was safe in her room, and the

minutes seemed long since she had been there. Mr. Lillingstone's appearance on the scene had not frightened her, as Claude had prepared her for it; but, when he was followed by Mrs. Gaithorne, she knew the matter must be getting serious; so she made for the house at all risks, and was just congratulating herself on not being seen by anyone, when Miss Grey opened her door quietly, and asked what was the matter. Elsie said, "It was nothing. Only a boy called out as he passed the house and frightened everybody;" and she hurried on, not wishing to answer any more inquiries. She had left her door nearly closed; it was now wide open. That told its own tale. So she went to the window and waited. Her breath came short and quickly as she saw Mrs. Gaithorne coming back again, but she kept as quiet as possible, saying to herself all the time that she had done nothing wrong.

A few minutes more, and the bright moonlight that streamed over Elsie, and photographed lacy patterns of the trees on the door, showed Mrs. Gaithorne's distracted face. One glance satisfied her that she was not angry, but puzzled and distressed. This helped Elsie to keep firm, and to be watchful not to betray anything that would implicate "him" more than possible. Mrs. Gaithorne stood silent on the doorstep for an instant, for she had come here half-mechanically, hardly expecting to see her, so that she was almost startled by the still figure.

"Oh, Elsie!" she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered breath, "how could you give me such a fright! What's all this to-do mean? So it was you, then, who was with Mr. Claude! I'd never ha' believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Do you tell me all about it, child! As for Mr. Claude, he's been shilly-shallying down there for the last half-hour. No one can make any sense out o' him," and, with a deprecating gesture meant for Mr. Claude, she sat on the box in the window, and looked up into Elsie's face as confident of her as Elsie was herself.

She looked down steadily into Mrs. Gaithorne's eyes; though her voice was firm, she spoke in short cut sentences.

"I knew you would trust me—and that's why I am so sorry I frightened you—there's nothing at all in it—the truth is, I went down to speak to Mr. Claude—he asked me to," in a lower tone, "and——"

"Asked you to!" Mrs. Gaithorne interrupted angrily; "asked you to! And what ails him that he should ask to see you at this unearthly hour of the night? Isn't there enough Christian hours in the day for him to speak? If he's got anything to say—which I don't believe he has, the idle good-for-nothing young scamp."

Here breath failed her, and Elsie hurried on to explain, but Mrs. Gaithorne's red face and impatient movements showed that it mattered little to her *who* disturbed the house so long as this new trait in her young master remained a mystery.

"Oh! for the matter o' that, I'm glad the boy *did* holler, anything's better than being left to sleep when there's such goings on. But don't take it to heart, child," seeing that Elsie began to look cast down; "sit down here beside me, and see if you can't bring me to some understanding of it. What had he got to say to you? that's what I want to know;" and she crossed her arms tightly over her shawl with an air of judicial authority quite at variance with the effect of her nightgown and flannel petticoat.

Elsie felt she was brought to a stand-point. "She could not tell what Mr. Claude was going to say, she must not let Mrs. Gaithorne know he intended to marry her, yet she must not deceive Mrs. Gaithorne. She would tell a part and leave the rest, for would not that unfold itself in the future?" and the gladness of that future brightened her smile now, and softened the tone of her rich voice, as she said,—

"I can't tell you what Mr. Claude was going to say, because the boy called out before he could speak a word, and then," dropping her eyes, "when I saw

a light in the house, I ran into the garden. I came up here afterwards when I saw you had got up too. But," and she looked again into Mrs. Gai-thorne's face, "I've been several times to dig ferns with Mr. Claude, and then he told me more about his books and his college, and what he means to do when he comes away from college, than he would do to many poor girls; perhaps maybe it was because I liked to hear about it, and asked him questions. However, he did tell me a great deal, and he says it helps him that he speaks to me, and——"

But she stopped, for she saw that Mrs. Gaithorne looked inexpressibly pained, and she felt that any addition to the story would only increase her anxiety. Mrs. Gaithorne had let her hands fall helplessly on her lap as soon as she thought she saw the "drift" of the story. A dull sinking at the heart had succeeded the anger with which the mention of Claude's name had at first filled her. As she loved and admired Elsie's beauty, and noted the deep affection that stirred in her voice, she grieved to think this would be wasted, for wasted she felt it must be if it all turned out as she expected. She sat looking at her with an expression of pity in which was a touch of retrospect—deep, womanly pity—for she was looking straight into a gulf, which it was plain Elsie only just perceived in the distance; but *she* was looking towards it with hope and longing, for she mistook it for a height.

The few minutes of silence lent their own impressiveness to Mrs. Gaithorne's words as she broke the stillness.

"God forgive me that I should say anything against my master's son—him that he's so proud of, and that I nursed when he was little; but you are the child of my oldest friend—I feel a'most as if you *was* my own—and I can't see you make a mistake—a *very great* mistake," she persisted, as she noticed a slight movement in Elsie, "without speaking out. Believe me, Elsie," and she took Elsie's hands in hers, "you you mustn't place no dependence on Mr.

Claude. I know him well, and have always had my own thoughts about him. His father and all his people think a deal of his learning—of that I don't trouble myself, because I don't understand it—but one thing I *do* know, if I know my own name, and that is, Mr. Claude is a bag of selfishness; he loves his own self better than anything in this precious world. *Must* have everything he sets his mind upon, no matter what. He likes to have pretty things about him, too. He sees *you* are pretty—nay, don't fidget, child, I must speak the truth now, if I never do it again—he sees you are pretty, he wants to see you often, by and by he'll want you to be with him altogether; and then? Then, when you would be a hindrance to him, and he wants to be free, like his other young friends, he would part with you as easy, nay, much more easy than you'd part from your little kitten at home. Don't doubt it, for I know it *well*, and my heart aches for you, my poor child."

Mrs. Gaithorne rose, and walked up and down the room. She wished to be firm and quiet for Elsie's sake, but the tears would come, so she wiped them away silently now and then, hoping she did not see. Elsie got up and looked out of the window. There to the left were the ruins; but no longer the fairy light upon them, they were but a heavy mass of blackness. Beyond them dull grey, with patches of black, where clusters of trees rose out of the grey and glowered over the fens. Far beyond all this, almost opposite to her, the moon was setting, red and glowing,—with its own comfort it seemed to her, but obtrusive in showing its want of sympathy. It was hard to believe it was the same that so short a time ago had cast its genial rays so freely all around. "Could she be mistaken in Claude, after all? Could he be quite as bad as Mrs. Gaithorne had said?"

She remembered the evidences she had had of the weakness of his character, and they pained her; but she could not help seeing that his love had grown steadily. He had acknowledged to-day

that she was more to him than the people to whom he belonged, and "her faith in his word must be small indeed if it could not bear a little trial." She looked away from the west to the ruins again. "What if they *were* black? They would be bright again to-morrow; and not only that, everything would be as it had been lately, each day brighter than the other, except the last—but that was nothing." Mrs. Gaithorne put her hands on Elsie's shoulders.

"Would you like to go home to-morrow? Mr. Lillingstone saw you with his son. I know what these people are; they might say something to hurt you without much meaning it, and I'm as proud of you as your own mother could be. Don't mind *me*, child," as Elsie was about to speak; "I'll get on as well as I can: *just* do as you think fit."

Elsie thought a moment; presently she said, as she stroked Mrs. Gaithorne's shoulder gently, "I've decided on staying here, dear Mrs. Gaithorne, since you give me the choice, as I don't feel ashamed at what I've done, and I don't mind what people say so long as my conscience is clear. As for Mr. Claude, I'll remember what you've said about him; and I'll never forget your kindness in trusting me as you've done to-night, for I am more thankful than I can speak: you knew beforehand I wanted to do what is right."

"Well, perhaps you know best, it may be as well for you to stay; but if you don't feel comfortable you've only to tell me and I'll let you go. You could come to me again after the fine folks are gone, if you like; but," and here she took Elsie's face between her hands, "you must promise one thing, little one, and that is, not to have any more to do with Mr. Claude than you can help. Not that I want you to belower yourself by keeping out of his way on purpose, or seem to be afraid of him—the young vagabond—but keep him at a distance; teach him his place if he can't find it for himself. There now, that's enough preaching for to-night; give me a kiss and get to bed. You haven't more than two or three hours' rest before you, poor child!"

"You forgive me having upset you," said Elsie, as she put up her face to be kissed.

Mrs. Gaithorne did not answer, yet Elsie knew she was forgiven.

When the door was closed behind Mrs. Gaithorne, Elsie turned again towards the window. The moon had gone down. She was glad of this; she had a feeling of half-spite against it since the last few minutes. A bright star had taken its place,—"*that was better*," Elsie thought; but feeling chilly and tired she took Mrs. Gaithorne's advice, and it was not long before she was asleep.

To be concluded in the next Number.

INSTINCT.

WITH ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON YOUNG ANIMALS.

THE exquisite skill and accurate knowledge observable in the lives of the lower animals, which men generally have regarded as instinctive—born with them—have ever been subjects of wonder. In the hands of the natural theologian, whose armoury has been steadily impoverished in proportion as mystery has given way before science, instinct is still a powerful weapon. When the divine expatiates on the innate wisdom and the marvellous untaught dexterity of beasts, birds, and insects, he is in little danger of being checked by the men of science. His learned enemies are dumb, when in triumph he asks the old question:—

“Who taught the nations of the field and
wood
To shun their poison and to choose their
food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the
sand?”

The very little that our psychologists have done for instinct may be told in a few words. The only theory of instinct, of the nature of an explanation, is that put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer as part of his philosophy of evolution; but, as a theory, it is only beginning to be understood and appreciated among scientific men; while some eminent thinkers question the reality of the phenomena to be explained. Professor Bain, our other psychologist, and his able following of trained disciples, simply discredit the alleged facts of instinct. Unfortunately, however, instead of putting the matter to the test of observation and experiment, they have contented themselves with criticising the few accidental observations that have been recorded, and with arguing against the probability of instinctive knowledge.

In defending the Berkeleian Theory of Vision, Professor Bain, in answer to the assertion that the young of the lower animals manifest an instinctive perception of distance by the eye, contends that “there does not exist a body of careful and adequate observations on the early movements of animals.” Writing long ago on the same subject, Mr. Mill also, while admitting that “the facts relating to the young of the lower animals have been long felt to be a real stumbling-block in the way of the theory,” maintains that “our knowledge of the mental operations of animals is too imperfect to enable us to affirm positively that they have this instinct.” Denying the facts, however, was not Mr. Mill’s mode of saving the theory. He was rather of opinion that the “animals have to us an inexplicable facility both of finding and selecting the objects which their wants require.” How very inexplicable, he conceives, their mental operations may possibly be, may be gathered from the fact of his suggesting an experiment to ascertain whether a blind duckling might not find the water as readily as one having sight. The position of psychologists of the too purely analytical school, however, is not that the facts of instinct are inexplicable; but that they are incredible. This view is set out most explicitly in the article on Instinct in “Chambers’s Encyclopædia.” Thus: “It is likewise said that the chick recognizes grains of corn at first sight, and can so direct its movements as to pick them up at once; being thus able to know the meaning of what it sees, to measure the distance of objects instinctively, and to graduate its movements to that knowledge—all which is, in the present state of our acquaintance with the laws of mind, wholly incredible.” And it is held, that

all the supposed examples of instinct may be—for anything that has yet been observed to the contrary—nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction.

Thus it would appear that with regard to instinct we have yet to ascertain the facts. With a view to this end, I have made many observations and experiments, mostly on chickens. The question of instinct, as opposed to acquisition, has been discussed chiefly in connection with the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued, that as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations and feelings of sight and hearing correspond to, must be got at by moving over the ground—by experience. On the other hand, it is alleged that, though as regards man the prolonged helplessness of infancy stands in the way of the observer, we have only to look at the young of the lower animals to see that as a matter of fact they do not require to go through the process of learning the meaning of their sensations in relation to external things; that chickens, for example, run about, pick up crumbs, and follow the call of their mother *immediately* on leaving the shell. For putting this matter to the test of experiment, chickens, therefore, are most suitable and convenient subjects. I have observed and experimented on more than fifty chickens, taking them from under the hen while yet in the eggs. But of these, not one on emerging from the shell was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless; they struggle with their legs, wings, and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavouring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them hold up their heads well, peck at objects, and attempt to

dress their wings when only between four and five hours old. But there is no difficulty in conceiving that, with great spontaneity and a strong power of association, much might be learned in four or five hours. Professor Bain is of opinion, from observations of his own on a newly dropped lamb, that "a power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours." Accordingly, in the absence of precautions, the time that must elapse before chickens have acquired enough control over their muscles to enable them to give evidence as to their instinctive power of interpreting what they see and hear, would suffice to let in the contention that the eye and the ear may have had opportunities of being educated. To obviate this objection with respect to the eye, I had recourse to the following expedient. Taking eggs just when the little prisoners had begun to break their way out, I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close round their necks. The material of these hoods was in some cases such as to keep the wearers in total darkness; in other instances it was semi-transparent. Some of them were close at the upper end, others had a small aperture bound with an elastic thread, which held tight round the base of the bill. In this state of blindness—the blindness was very manifest—I allowed them to remain from one to three days. The conditions under which these little victims of human curiosity were first permitted to see the light were then carefully prepared. Frequently the interesting little subject was unhooded on the centre of a table covered with a large sheet of white paper, on which a few small insects, dead and alive, had been placed. From that instant every movement, with the date thereof, as shown by the watch, was put on record. Never in the columns of a Court Journal were the doings of the most royal personage noted with such faithful accuracy. This experiment was performed on twenty separate chickens

at different times, with the following results. Almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behaviour, however, was in every case conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often at the end of two minutes they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to judge, to measure distance, with something like infallible accuracy. They did not attempt to seize things beyond their reach, as babies are said to grasp at the moon; and they may be said to have invariably hit the objects at which they struck—they never missed by more than a hair's breadth, and that too, when the specks at which they aimed were no bigger, and less visible, than the smallest dot of an *i*. To seize between the points of the mandibles at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. I have seen a chicken seize and swallow an insect at the first attempt; most frequently, however, they struck five or six times, lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. The unacquired power of following by sight was very plainly exemplified in the case of a chicken that, after being unhooded, sat complaining and motionless for six minutes, when I placed my hand on it for a few seconds. On removing my hand the chicken immediately followed it by sight backward and forward and all round the table. To take, by way of example, the observations in a single case a little in detail:—A chicken that had been made the subject of experiments on hearing, was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its

head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive-bee coming sufficiently near was seized at a dart and thrown some distance, much disabled. For twenty minutes it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight.¹

¹ Since writing this article, I see it stated in Mr. Darwin's new book, "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," that "the wonderful power which a chicken possesses only a few hours after being hatched, of picking up small particles of food, seems to be started into action through the sense of hearing; for, with chickens hatched by artificial heat, a good observer found that 'making a noise with a finger-nail against a board, in imitation of the hen-mother, first taught them to peck at their meat.'" My own observations give no countenance whatever to this view:—(1) I have frequently observed chickens finally hatched in a flannel nest over a jar of hot water and left undisturbed for a few hours, begin, immediately after the covering was removed, and while they still sat nestling together, to peck at each other's beaks and at specks of oatmeal when these were dropped on them, all noise being as far as possible avoided. (2) Each of the twenty chickens made subjects of the experiment described in the text, began to eat without any assistance from the sense of hearing; the greatest possible stillness being maintained and required during the experiment. (3) Chickens picked up food though rendered deaf while yet in the shell. One

It would be out of place here to attempt to indicate the full psychological bearing of these facts. But this much may be affirmed, that they put out of court all those who are prepared only to argue against the instinctive perception by the eye of the primary qualities of the external world. When stripped of all superfluous learning, the argument against this and every other alleged case of instinctive knowledge is simply that it is unscientific to assume an instinct when it is possible that the knowledge in question may have been *acquired* in the ordinary way. But the experiments that have been recounted are evidence that prior to experience chickens behave as if they already possessed an acquaintance with the established order of nature. A hungry chick that never tasted food is able, on seeing a fly or a spider for the first time, to bring into action muscles that were never so exercised before, and to perform a series of delicately adjusted movements that end in the capture of the insect. This I assert as the result of careful observation and experiment; and it cannot be answered but by observation and experiment at least as extensive. It is no doubt common for scientific men to discredit new facts, for no other reason than that they do not fit with theories that have been raised on too narrow foundations; but when they do this they are only geologists, or psychologists—they are not philosophers.

Before passing to the perceptions of the ear, it may be mentioned that, instead of hooding chickens, which had

the advantage of enabling me to make many interesting observations on them when in a state of blindness, I occasionally put a few eggs, when just chipped, into a flannel bag made for the purpose. In this bag the hatching was completed artificially, and the chickens allowed to remain in the dark from one to three days. When placed in the light they deported themselves as regards sight in the manner already described. For the purpose of merely testing the perceptions of the eye or the ear this is by far the easier experiment. The hooding process requires considerable delicacy of manipulation, and the chickens are very liable to be injured.

With respect now to the space perceptions of the ear, which, in man at least, even Mr. Spencer regards as acquired by each individual. Chickens hatched and kept in the said bag for a day or two, when taken out and placed nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen with chicks were concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did, struggling through grass and over rough ground, when not yet able to stand steadily on their legs. Nine chickens were thus experimented upon, and each individual gave the same positive results, running to the box scores of times, and from every possible position. To vary the experiment I tried the effect of the mother's voice on hooded chickens. These, when left to themselves, seldom made a forward step, their movements were round and round, and backward; but when placed within five or six feet of the mother, they, in answer to her call, became much more lively, began to make little forward journeys, and soon followed her by sound alone, though, of course, blindly, keeping their heads close to the ground and knocking against everything that lay in their path. Only three chickens were made subjects of this experiment. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper

of these, deprived of both sight and hearing at its birth, was unhooded when three days old, and nine minutes after it vigorously pursued a large blue fly a distance of two feet, pecking at it several times: this bird proved perfectly deaf. Another with its ears similarly closed, was taken from the dark when a day and a half old, and when an experiment was being tried to ascertain whether it was perfectly deaf—which it turned out to be—it began to pick up and swallow small crumbs. What in this case really surprised me was that, the gum employed in closing its ears having also sealed up one of its eyes, it nevertheless picked up crumbs by sight of its one eye almost if not altogether as well as if it had had two.

before they had escaped from the shell. I tried at different times to stop the ears of a good many in this way, but a number of them got the papers off, others were found not quite deaf, and only three remained perfectly indifferent to the voice of the mother when separated from them by only an inch board. These had their ears opened when between two and three days old, and on being placed within call of the mother hidden in a box, they, after turning round a few times, ran straight to the spot whence came what must have been very nearly, if not actually, the first sound they had ever heard. It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment on these facts. They are conclusive against the theory that, in the history of each life, sounds are at first but meaningless sensations; that the direction of the sounding object, together with all other facts concerning it, must be learned entirely from experience.

If now it be taken as established that in the perceptions of the eye and the ear, chickens at least manifest an instinctive knowledge of the relations and qualities of external things, the popular belief that the special knowledge, the peculiar art and skill, so marked in the various species of animals, come to them mostly without the labour of acquisition, is at once freed from all antecedent improbability. In the way of direct evidence, the little that I have been able to observe in this wide field goes to prove that the current notions are in accordance with fact. We have seen that chickens follow the call of their mother before they have had any opportunity of associating that sound with pleasurable feelings; and one or two observations, which must be taken for what they are worth, support the general opinion that they have an equally instinctive dread of their more deadly enemies. When twelve days old one of my little *protégés*, while running about beside me, gave the peculiar chirp whereby they announce the approach of danger. I looked up, and behold a sparrow-hawk was hovering at a great height over head. Having subsequently

procured a young hawk, able to take only short flights, I made it fly over a hen with her first brood, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. The hen pursued, and scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where she had been sitting, when she fell upon it with such fury that it was with difficulty that I was able to rescue it from immediate death. Equally striking was the effect of the hawk's voice when heard for the first time. A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk, in a cupboard just beside us, gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear. Unfortunately, my hawk coming to an untimely end, I was prevented from proceeding with observations of this class. But these few were so marked and unmistakable in their character that I have thought them worth recording.

There are instincts, however, yet to be mentioned, concerning the reality of which I have thoroughly satisfied myself. The early attention that chickens give to their toilet is a very useful instinct, about which there can be no question. Scores of times I have seen them attempt to dress their wings when only a few hours old—indeed as soon as they could hold up their heads, and even when denied the use of their eyes. The art of scraping in search of food, which, if anything, might be acquired by imitation—for a hen with chickens spends the half of her time in scratching for them—is nevertheless another in-

disputable case of instinct. Without any opportunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally, the condition of the ground was suggestive; but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consists of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table. As an example of unacquired dexterity, I may mention that on placing four ducklings a day old in the open air for the first time, one of them almost immediately snapped at and caught a fly on the wing. More interesting, however, is the deliberate art of catching flies practised by the turkey. When not a day and a half old I observed the young turkey already spoken of slowly pointing its beak at flies and other small insects without actually pecking at them. In doing this, its head could be seen to shake like a hand that is attempted to be held steady by a visible effort. This I observed and recorded when I did not understand its meaning. For it was not until after, that I found it to be the invariable habit of the turkey, when it sees a fly settled on any object, to steal on the unwary insect with slow and measured step until sufficiently near, when it advances its head very slowly and steadily till within an inch or so of its prey, which is then seized by a sudden dart. If all this can be proved to be instinct, few, I think, will care to maintain that *anything* that can be learned from experience *may* not also appear as an intuition. The evidence I have in this case, though not so abundant as could be wished, may yet, perhaps, be held sufficient. I have mentioned that this masterpiece of turkey cleverness when first observed, was in the incipient stage, and, like the nervous dance that precedes the actual scraping, ended in nothing. I noted it simply as an odd performance that I did not understand. The turkey, however, which was never out of my sight except when in its flannel bag, persisted in its whimsical pointing at flies, until before many days I was delighted to discover that there was more in it than my philosophy

had dreamt of. I went at once to the flock of its own age. They were following a common hen, which had brought them out; and as there were no other turkeys about the place, they could not possibly learn by imitation. As the result, however, of their more abundant opportunities, I found them already in the full and perfect exercise of an art—a cunning and skilful adjusting of means to an end—bearing conspicuously the stamp of experience. But the circumstances under which these observations were made left me no room for the opinion that the experience, so visible in their admirable method of catching flies, was original, was the experience, the acquisition of those individual birds. To read what another has observed is not, however, so convincing as to see for oneself, and to establish a case so decisive more observation may reasonably be desired; at the same time, it can scarcely be attempted to set aside the evidence adduced, on the ground of improbability, for the *fact* of instinct: all that is involved in this more striking example, has, we venture to think, been sufficiently attested.

A few manifestations of instinct still remain to be briefly spoken of. Chickens as soon as they are able to walk will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck, or a human being. Unreflecting on-lookers, when they saw chickens a day old running after me, and older ones following me miles and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures, whereas I simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and, as we have seen, their ear prior to experience attaches them to the right object. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. But instincts are not conferred on any principle of supplying animals with arts very essential to them, and which they could not very well learn for themselves. If there is anything that experience would be sure to teach chickens, it would be to

take care when they had got a piece of food not to let their fellows take it from them, and from the very first they may be seen to run off with a worm, pursued by all their companions. But this has been so stamped in their nature that, when they have never seen one of their kind, nor ever been disturbed in the enjoyment of a morsel, they nevertheless, when they get something larger than can be swallowed at once, turn round and run off with it.

Another suggestive class of phenomena that fell under my notice may be described as imperfect instincts. When a week old my turkey came on a bee right in its path—the first, I believe, it had ever seen. It gave the danger chirr, stood for a few seconds with outstretched neck and marked expression of fear, then turned off in another direction. On this hint I made a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees. In the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these sting-bearing insects; but the results were not uniform, and perhaps the most accurate general statement I can give is, that they were uncertain, shy, and suspicious. Of course to be stung once was enough to confirm their misgivings for ever. Pretty much in the same way did they avoid ants, especially when swarming in great numbers.

Probably enough has been said to leave no doubt in minds free from any bias on the subject, that in the more important concerns of their lives the animals are in great part guided by knowledge that they individually have not gathered from experience. But equally certain is it that they do learn a great deal, and exactly in the way that we are generally supposed to acquire all our knowledge. For example, every chicken, as far as my observations go, has to learn not to eat its own excrement. They made this mistake invariably; but they did not repeat it oftener than once or twice. Many times they arrested themselves when in the very act, and went off shaking their heads in disgust, though they had not actually touched the obnoxious matter. It also

appeared that, though thirsty, they did not recognize water by sight, except perhaps in the form of dew-drops on the grass; and they had to some extent to learn to drink. Their first attempts were awkward; instead of dipping in their beaks, they pecked at the water, or rather at specks in the water, or at the edge of the water. All animals have a capacity to learn; each individual must learn the topography of its locality, and numerous other facts. Many dogs, horses, and elephants may be able to learn more than some men. But I have no doubt that observation will bear out the popular belief that what may be called the professional knowledge of the various species—those special manifestations of practical skill, dexterity, and cunning that mark them off from each other, no less clearly than do the physical differences whereon naturalists base their classifications—is instinctive, and not acquired. As we shall see, the creatures have not in a vast multitude of instances the opportunity to acquire these arts. And if they had the opportunity, they have not individually the capacity to do so, even by way of imitation. We have seen as a matter of fact that it is by instinct that the chicken, and, I may now add, the turkey, scratch the surface of the earth in search of insects; also, that the turkey has a method of catching flies so remarkably clever that it cannot be witnessed without astonishment. Now, chickens like flies no less than turkeys, and, though with less success, often try to catch them. But it is a significant fact that they do not copy the superior art. To give every opportunity for imitation, I placed a newly-hatched chicken with my turkey, when the latter was eleven days old. The two followed me about for several weeks, and when I deserted them they remained close companions throughout the summer, neither of them ever associating with the other poultry. But the chicken never caught the knowing trick of its companion—seemed, indeed, wholly blind to the useful art that was for months practised before its eyes.

Before passing to the theory of instinct, it may be worthy of remark that, unlooked for, I met with in the course of my experiments some very suggestive, but not yet sufficiently observed, phenomena; which, however, have led me to the opinion that not only do the animals learn, but they can also forget—and very soon—that which they never practised. Further, it would seem that any early interference with the established course of their lives may completely derange their mental constitution, and give rise to an order of manifestations, perhaps totally and unaccountably different from what would have appeared under normal conditions. Hence I am inclined to think that students of animal psychology should endeavour to observe the unfolding of the powers of their subjects in as nearly as possible the ordinary circumstances of their lives. And perhaps it may be because they have not all been sufficiently on their guard in this matter, that some experiments have seemed to tell against the reality of instinct. Without attempting to prove the above propositions, one or two facts may be mentioned. Untaught, the new-born babe can suck—a reflex action; and Mr. Herbert Spencer describes all instinct as “compound reflex action;” but it seems to be well known that if spoon-fed, and not put to the breast, it soon loses the power of drawing milk. Similarly, a chicken that has not heard the call of the mother until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it, and tried to entice it in every way; still it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times, and indeed cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning. Something more curious, and of a different kind, came to

light in the case of three chickens that I kept hooded until nearly four days old—a longer time than any I have yet spoken of. Each of these on being unhooded evinced the greatest terror of me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the glass like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organization.

The only theory in explanation of the phenomena of instinct that has an air of science about it, is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Inherited Acquisition. The laws of association explain our intellectual operations, and enable us to understand how all our knowledge may be derived from experience. A chicken comes on a bee, and, imagining it has found a dainty morsel, seizes the insect, but is stung, and suffers badly. Henceforth bees are avoided; they can be neither seen nor heard without a shudder of fear. Now, if we can realize how such an association as this—how what one individual learns by experience may, in any degree, be transmitted to the progeny of that individual—we have a key to the mystery of instinct. Instinct in the present generation is the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations. The plausibility of this hypothesis, however, is not appreciated by the majority of even the educated portion of the community. But the reason is not far to seek. Educated men, even materialists—their own positive statements to the contrary notwithstanding—have not yet quite escaped

from the habit of regarding mind as independent of bodily organization. Hence it is, that while familiar with the idea of physical peculiarities passing by inheritance from one generation to another, they find it difficult to conceive how anything so impalpable as fear at the sight of a bee should be transmitted in the same way. Obviously, this difficulty is not consistent with a thorough belief in the intimate and invariable dependence of all kinds of mental facts on nervous organization. Let us, if possible, make this clear. The facts of mind that make up the stream of an individual life differ from material things in this important respect, that whereas the latter can be stored up, volitions, thoughts, and feelings, as such, cannot. Facts of consciousness cannot be thought of as packed away like books in a library. They have to be for ever produced, created, one after another; and when gone they are out of existence. Whatever associations may be formed among these, must depend for their permanence on the corresponding impress given to the nervous organism; and why should not this, which is purely physical, be subject to the law of heredity? Look at a friend as he lies in unconscious sleep. His sovereigns are in his pocket, but where is his stock of ideas? where is all he has learned from experience? You have simply a living machine; but such a machine that it can wake and exhibit all the phenomena of what we call a well-informed and cultivated mind. Suppose, now, that while you stand by, another organism, the same in every particle and fibre, is by some mysterious process formed direct from its elements. Outwardly you cannot tell the one from the other; but wake them and how will it be? Even then, will not the one being recognize you, and be as completely and indistinguishably your friend as the other? Will not the newly created man, by virtue of his identical material organization, possess the mind and character, the knowledge and feelings, the past, in a word, the personal identity of the other? I have made this extreme supposition in

order that no doubt may be entertained as to the shape in which I hold the doctrine that for every fact of mind there is a corresponding fact of matter, and that, given the material fact, whether produced by repeated experiences in the life history of the individual, or inherited from parents, the corresponding mental fact will be the same. If this view be admitted, there can be no difficulty in conceiving how entrance into life on the part of the animals may be a waking up in a world with which they are, in greater or less degree, already acquainted. Instinct, looked at from its physical side, may be conceived to be, like memory, a turning on of the "nerve currents" on already established tracks: for no reason, we presume, can be suggested why those modifications of brain matter that, enduring from hour to hour and from day to day, render acquisition possible, should not, like any other physical peculiarity, be transmitted from parent to offspring. That they are so transmitted is all but proved by the facts of instinct, while these in their turn receive their only rational explanation in this theory of inherited acquisition. But the difficulty of the undisciplined mind lies, as we have said, in an inability to grasp the full significance of the doctrine that, in an individual life, it is the physical part alone that endures from day to day; that, strictly speaking, we cannot feel the same feeling or think the same thought twice over; that only as by pulling the bell-cord to-day we can, in the language of ordinary discourse, produce the sound we heard yesterday, can we, while the established connections among the nerves and nerve-centres hold, live our experiences over again.

This doctrine of inherited acquisition, then, is, to say the least, a good working hypothesis in explanation of all those facts of instinct that may be conceived as built up, compounded out of, the accumulated experiences of innumerable generations. So far good. But it will occur to every reader that the peculiar depths of animal psychology are not yet explored. Two classes of

phenomena still lie in the dark. First, there are the many extraordinary and exceptional feats of dogs and other animals, which seem to be constantly falling under the observation of everybody except the few that are interested in these matters. Second, all the more wonderful instincts, especially those of insects, are such that it is hard, if at all possible, to conceive how they ever could have been derived from experience.

With regard to the first, it is not desirable to say much. Though volumes of marvellous stories have been written, I am not aware that any careful experiments have been tried, and, as the performances in question are of an exceptional character, it is perhaps but scientific caution not as yet to put too much stress on them. For my own part, though I have been very intimate with dogs, I have been singularly unfortunate in having never witnessed any of their more incomprehensible clairvoyant-like achievements. I have known them do many surprising things, but I have always found that they had, or might have had, something to go upon—enough, coupled with quick intelligence, to account for their exploits. What may be said in this connection, if, indeed, it be prudent to say anything, is that, while we certainly cannot have all the data of experience from without of all the vastly different living things which people the earth, the air, and the ocean—while we certainly can have no trace of many feelings that arise from changes in the organisms of the different creatures, and which, instinctively interpreted, start them on lines of action—a host of statements, generally accepted as fact, suggest the opinion that even such animals as dogs, are alive to, conscious, sensible of influences that scarcely affect us, or wholly escape our cognition. If this be so, they have a basis of experience from which to start in their calculations that we want, and, if so, well may their actions seem to us, as Mr. Mill said, hopelessly inexplicable. Take, not the most remarkable, but the best-authenticated example of this class—

the frequently alleged fact of dogs and other animals returning in a straight line, or by the most direct routes, through districts they had never before traversed, to places from which they had been taken by devious tracks, and even shut up in close boxes. To most people this is a phenomenon sufficiently incomprehensible. They are certain they themselves could do nothing at all like it. But there is in some men what may be just a hint of this faculty. Most people that have lived only in cities are very soon lost in a strange and trackless district, and still sooner in a pathless wood; in the one case, after wandering this way and that for a few hours, in the other, after merely turning round a few times, they can tell nothing of the direction whence they came. But all men are not so easily lost; some, without consciously making notes, retain, after long wandering in such situations, a strong and often accurate impression, not of the ground they have gone over, but of the direction in which lies the place whence they started. Without attempting to throw any light on the mental chemistry of this perception, we would submit that in it may perhaps be found a clue to the mystery of those astonishing home-journeys of dogs, sheep, cats, pigeons, bees, &c., of which hundreds are on record.

It is, however, with the other dark enigma that we are more especially concerned. We do not think it necessary to examine the proof of the actuality of such marvellous instincts as those of bees and wasps. But for the too fond love of a theory we venture to think none would doubt the reality, or the instinctive character, of their "far-sighted," or, more correctly, blind provisions for the future. The problem before us is not whether, for example, the male of the fish *Arius* does, and by instinct, hatch the eggs of the female in his mouth, but how such a singular mode of incubation ever had a beginning? Perhaps the most widely known instance of this class of instincts is the provision of the solitary wasp for the worm that will issue from her egg after her own death. She brings grubs

—food that as a wasp she never tasted—and deposits them over the egg, ready for the larva she will never see. The life history of every insect exhibits instincts of this perplexing description. Witness the caterpillar, how at the proper time it selects a suitable situation and spins for itself a silken cocoon. It may be admitted at once that the creatures, *as we behold them*, never could have lived to acquire such instincts by any process of experience and inheritance of which we can conceive. Nor let it be supposed that it is only in the insect world, where all is so strange, that instincts are to be met with so essential to lives of the individuals or their progeny that without them the creatures in their present shape could never have existed. Of this kind are the first movements observable in the life of a bird, and which take place within the shell. I have often observed the self-delivery of the chicken. The prison wall is not burst in pieces by spontaneous, random struggles. By a regular series of strokes the shell is cut in two—chipped right round in a perfect circle, some distance from the great end. Moreover, the bird has a special instrument for this work, a hard, sharp horn on the top of the upper mandible, which being required for no other purpose disappears in a few days. Obviously each individual bird no more acquires the art of breaking its way out than it furnishes itself with the little pick-hammer used in the operation; and it is equally clear that a bird could have never escaped from the egg without this instinct. Again, how were eggs hatched before birds had acquired the instinct to sit upon them? Or who will throw light on the process of such an acquisition? Nor are the subsequent phenomena easier of explanation. A fowl that never before willingly shared a crumb with a companion, will now starve herself to feed her chickens, which she calls by a language she never before used—may have never even heard—but which they are born to understand. Once more, it is clearly because she cannot do otherwise that a she-rabbit,

when with her first young, digs a hole in the earth away from her ordinary habitation, and there builds a nest of soft grass, lined with fur stripped from her own body. But how as to the origin of this habit?

We need not accumulate examples of seemingly unfathomable instincts. And it may be confessed at once, that in the present state of our knowledge it would be hopeless to attempt to guess at the kinds of experiences that may have originally, when the creatures were different shapes and lived different lives, wrought changes in their nervous systems that, enduring and being modified through many changes of form, have given to the living races the physical organizations of which these wonderful instincts are the corresponding mental facts. Nor, perhaps, can it be confidently asserted that in experience and heredity we have all the terms of the problem. The little we can say is, that though in the dark we need not consider ourselves more in the dark as to the origin of those strange instincts than we are concerning the origin of those wonderful organs of astonishing and exquisite mechanism that, especially among the insects, are the instruments of those instincts. Nay, more, if the view we have put forward concerning the connection between mental manifestations and bodily organization be correct, the question of the origin of these mysterious instincts is not more difficult than, or different from, but is the same with, the problem of the origin of the physical structure of the creatures; for, however they may have come by their bodies, they cannot fail to have the minds that correspond thereto. When, as by a miracle, the lovely butterfly bursts from the chrysalis full-winged and perfect, and flutters off a thing of soft and gorgeous beauty, it but wakes to a higher life, to a new mode of existence, in which, strange though it may sound, it has, for the most part, nothing to learn; *because* its little life flows from its organization like melody from a music box. But we need not enlarge on this a second time.

In seeking to understand the phenomena of instinct we of course get the full benefit of the law of Natural Selection, which, though it throws no light on the origin of anything, mental or physical—for, as Mr. Darwin says, it “has no relation whatever to the primary cause of any modification of structure”—nevertheless helps us to understand the existence of instincts far removed from the circumstances or conditions of life under which they could have been acquired. Suppose a Robinson Crusoe to take, soon after his landing, a couple of parrots, and to teach them to say in very good English, “How do you do, sir?”—that the young of these birds are also taught by Mr. Crusoe and their parents to say, “How do you do, sir?”—and that Mr. Crusoe, having little else to do, sets to work to prove the doctrine of Inherited Association by direct experiment. He continues his teaching, and every year breeds from the birds of the last and previous years that say “How do you do, sir?” most frequently and with the best accent. After a sufficient number of generations his young parrots, continually hearing their parents and a hundred other birds saying “How do you do, sir?” begin to repeat these words so soon that an experiment is needed to decide whether it is by instinct or imitation; and perhaps it is part of both. Eventually, however, the instinct is established. And though now Mr. Crusoe dies, and leaves no record of his work, the instinct will not die, not for a long time at least; and if the parrots themselves have acquired a taste for good English the best speakers will be sexually selected, and the instinct will certainly endure to astonish and perplex mankind, though in truth we may as well wonder at the crowing of the cock or the song of the skylark. Again, turkeys have an instinctive art of catching flies, which, it is manifest, the creatures in their present shape may have acquired by experience. But suppose the circumstances of their life to change; flies

steadily become more abundant, and other kinds of food scarcer: the best fly-catchers are now the fittest to live, and each generation they are naturally selected. This process goes on, experience probably adding to the instinct in ways that we need not attempt to conceive, until a variety or species is produced that feeds on flies alone. To look at, this new bird will differ considerably from its turkey ancestors; for change in food and in habits of life will have affected its physical conformation, and every useful modification of structure will have been preserved by natural selection. My point however is, that thus, by no inconceivable steps, would be produced a race of birds depending for all their food on an instinctive art, which they, as then constituted, could never have acquired, because they never could have existed without it.

No doubt, to the many, who love more to gaze and marvel than to question and reflect, all this will seem miserably inadequate as a clue to one of the greatest mysteries of life. But enough, if I have indicated my view of how the most inexplicable of instincts may have had their origin; or rather, if I have shown how our utter inability to trace them back to their origin tells nothing against the probability that they all came into existence in accordance with those laws of acquisition and heredity that we now see operating before our eyes. We cannot tell how the pupa of the dragon-fly came by the instinct that prompts it to leave the water and hang itself up to dry. But we may be able to explain this quite as soon as to unveil the origin of the hooks by which it hangs itself up. And if ever human intelligence should so trace the evolution of living forms as to be able to say, “Thus was developed the bill-scale wherewith birds now break their way out of the shell,” it will probably be able to add, “and these were the experiences to which we must trace the instinct that makes every little bird its own skilful accoucheur.”

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI,
POPE PIUS II.

PART II.

IN spite of the tortuous nature of his political actions and the blots upon his private character, Æneas was in no sense a vicious man. It is true that, while he was struggling upwards, he felt it impossible to avoid many false situations in public matters, and he was determined that no false shame should prevent him in his endeavours after success. In private life he made no profession of being better than his neighbours. "Continence might suit a philosopher," he exclaimed, "but was unfit for a poet;" but his conscience had hindered him from taking Orders till advancing years had cooled his passions, and this was in those days a rare concession to morality. The culture which Æneas had gained from his studies gave him a delicacy of mind and sensitiveness of perception, which saved him from coarse and open offences against current social decorum. He had done many things which probably he wished he had been spared the necessity of doing; but poverty sharpened his wits till they regarded strict honesty as clumsy blundering, and his ambition, which had all its own work to do, neglected, in the pressure of business, the sharp distinctions to which more grovelling minds have time to attend. His letters show a delightful *naïveté* in stating his real position and disclosing his intentions. These letters he deliberately allowed to come down to posterity, and in this he certainly is a strong instance of the great power of candour. Every man, however much he had to conceal, however much he might shrink before judgment, would still stand out better in the eyes of posterity if they could see his real motives than if they were only left to guess at them. As we read

Æneas's letters we may laugh sometimes at his vanity, or feel indignant at his effrontery, or despise his self-seeking, while we admire his cleverness; but, as we read on, we tend to feel a greater liking for him personally. How many men who have been so successful dare leave behind them so clear a record of their doings? How many politicians (and it is as a politician that Æneas must be judged) would care that all the correspondence should descend to posterity, in which they hunted for places, or violently upheld opinions which they afterwards renounced? Yet in the case of Æneas these are the materials we possess,—materials which he took no pains to suppress or garble.

Moreover, Æneas lived in an age of tortuous policy and wonderful success. He himself was present at the siege of Milan, when the condottier-general, Francesco Sforza, suddenly turned his arms against the Commonwealth, whose hireling he was, and, after subjecting the people to all the horrors of a protracted siege, still managed so well that he was finally hailed by their acclamations Duke of Milan, and ruled them securely till his death. It was a time in which the policy of which Macchiavelli is the passive analyst was unconsciously developing. In Æneas we see this policy in its most insinuating, most graceful, most spontaneous form. He disarmed opposition by kindness and suavity, by perfect inoffensiveness of character, just as surely as did Cæsar Borja by the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup. Æneas and Cæsar Borja equally had success as their object; but Æneas succeeded by never making a foe, Cæsar Borja hoped to succeed by never leaving one alive.

This is the key to the character of Æneas: he represented the cultivated

and enfranchised spirit of the Renaissance, as guided by a skilful hand through the mazes of politics. He began by having a perfectly open mind. The Renaissance had taught him and all its early disciples a contempt for the ideas of the Middle Ages, and an entire want of sympathy with them. Yet this contempt they dared not too openly express, so they revenged themselves by uncontrolled vagaries, in which they either pulled down or propped up parts of the old structure as their fancy or interest led them. So it was with *Æneas*. The man of culture, he held, must perform with ability and decorum the duties of any office to which he is called; must use as skilfully as he can the advantages, and even disadvantages, of his position. In this there was no hypocrisy, no consciousness of meanness, no particle of dissimulation. His opinions in his youth were floating, because the world lay before him and he wished to keep an open mind, so as to be able to turn his talents to the best account: as life advanced, the vague possibilities which youth had held before his eyes fell away one by one and were abandoned, the future became year by year more limited and more defined; and so, side by side with the actual facts of life, his convictions formed themselves, and his opinions and life fitted themselves into one another with wondrous suppleness. From looseness of life *Æneas* passed to moral respectability, when the force of temptations ceased; from indifference to religious forms he passed to a priesthood of unimpeachable orthodoxy, when he saw that orthodoxy was going to prevail; from adherence to the liberal and reforming opinions of Basle he passed to a rigid ecclesiastical conservatism, and as Pope anathematized the opinions which in his youth he had skilfully advocated. He did so because his position had changed; the same opinions did not befit the young adventurer and the man of secure fame; the conditions that surrounded him were different, how could his opinions or desires remain the same?

In this point of view *Æneas* was

quite consistent: he had succeeded, but that was no reason why he should wish others to succeed. As Cardinal he urged upon the Pope the desirability of settling a disputed election to the bishopric of Regensburg in favour of a nephew of the Duke of Bavaria, although he had only slight claim to a capitular election and was under the canonical age; his election would be more expedient, and would give greater prestige to the Papacy, whose object must be to ally itself with princes. No sentimental reminiscences of his own early days misled *Æneas* to lend a hand to a struggling brother. He is even very proud of this exploit, as indeed he was of most things in which he had a hand; but to this triumph of his principles he calls special attention, and remarks that it "marvellously increased his reputation among the Cardinals."

This capacity for making the best of circumstances, this genuine and perfectly unconscious power of self-adaptation to any condition, was quite natural in that day. The revival of the learning of the ancients disgusted the student with the notions of his own day, while antiquity gave no real ideas to enable him to reconstruct his life under the circumstances in which it had to be spent. The culture of the Renaissance was consequently merely concerned with form, and very little with contents. The facts of life were given from without; the cultivated mind was not concerned with them; the utmost it could do was to try and make them accord with ancient precedent—to rob them, if possible, of their repulsive, ungraceful, or indecorous aspect. Even in the Council of Basle the pious Cardinal of Arles stirred the assembled Fathers to take courage and depose Eugenius, by quoting the examples of self-devotion given by Curtius, Leonidas, Theramenes, Codrus, and Socrates.

The consideration of this cultivated versatility of disposition, which was the natural result of *Æneas's* studies and was quickened by his ambition and vanity, is necessary for the consistent understanding of his character. The majority of his biographers wish to draw a distinc-

tion between his early life and his pontificate, and are willing to imagine that his zeal for a Crusade was the means of raising him into a nobler sphere of personal unselfishness; some even go so far as to argue, that one who was so admirable as Pope must have been equally admirable in his younger days, and so wish to read his early writings in the light of his edifying death, and refer all his slippery actions to a sincere desire for the good of Christendom. To me, *Æneas Sylvius* seems consistent throughout. He is a cultivated man, adapting himself gracefully to his surroundings; his opinions, both moral and religious, develop themselves spontaneously, so as to accord with the position which his talents are winning for him—a position which is day by day rising higher and higher, and so making greater demands upon his better nature, and freeing him more and more from the lower requirements of self-interest.

Æneas, then, when he was made Pope, showed a sincere desire to discharge faithfully and well the duties of that office; to discharge them, moreover, in a becoming way, and, above all things, to earn a title to the remembrance of posterity. His ambition was always saved by his vanity from degenerating into mere selfishness, and the vulgar desire to gain benefits and position for himself was always subordinate to the anxiety to make for himself a name and leave a mark upon his times. The times were, unluckily, such as it was impossible to leave a mark upon. Europe could no longer be regarded as united; it consisted of a number of States struggling to a consciousness of their nationality, and at present confused both in their separate aims and in their mutual relations. It was scarcely possible for a Pope to make any impression on Europe such as Pius found it, but it is always possible to leave a name and found a renown by an appeal to a great idea, even when its time has passed away.

This reason alone, if others had been wanting, would have led a Pope of the ambition of Pius II. to identify himself

closely with the idea of a Crusade. It had been talked of by the last three Popes: Calixtus had made it his chief object: it was the only aim for which a Pope could hope to unite Europe, the only cry which had any chance of meeting with universal recognition. The Papacy was an object of suspicion to the national Churches, whose open rebellion had just been with difficulty subdued; in ecclesiastical matters it had no chance of obtaining general hearing, nor could it hope to interfere successfully in the political complications of Europe. But the fall of Constantinople had given a shock to all; the rapid advance of the Turks might well cause general alarm. Opposition to them from motives of European policy, if not from motives of religion, was the only hope for any undertaking on a large enough scale to afford Pius any chance of distinction. Moreover, his fame was already connected with the Crusade; already his eloquence had been heard in Italy and in Germany calling upon all to join the holy cause; his reputation as an orator rested on this foundation, and happily in this matter his present policy did not require a repudiation of the past.

It is in association with the crusading spirit that Pius is generally judged: he is regarded as the last enthusiast of a noble idea—as one who warred nobly, though unsuccessfully, against the selfishness of his time; and when he found the contest hopeless, died almost a martyr to his mistaken yet generous zeal. Yet if we examine the facts of Pius' pontificate we see no signs of overwhelming haste, no traces of any self-sacrifice in essential points, no abandonment even of small matters of Papal policy, to further the end which he professed to hold supreme. It is true that immediately after his accession Pius announced his intention of holding a Congress at Mantua; but when he tore himself away from Rome, amid the tears of the populace, who regretted the loss of the pecuniary advantages they derived from the presence of the Papal Court, he still made

no haste to reach Mantua, but spent eight months on the way, lingering fondly in his native Siena, and adorning his birth-place, Corsignano, which changed its name to Pienza in his honour. He professed a desire to pacify Italy, that it might aim at nothing but a Crusade, but the extent of his desire may be judged by his views about the reconciliation of Sigismund Malatesta of Rimini and Piccinino: "Not sufficiently understanding whether war or peace between them would conduce more to the welfare of the Church—since it was plain that Piccinino could not rest quiet, and it was probable that, if he were relieved from war with Sigismund, he would turn his arms against the Church—the Pope judged that it was the will of God that peace could not be concluded."

Nor did Pius endeavour to free himself from complications, that he might give himself unreservedly to the great cause he had undertaken. At his accession he found the kingdom of Naples claimed by René of Anjou, in opposition to Ferdinand, an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, who had just died. Calixtus had pronounced against Ferdinand, wishing to hand over Naples to one of the Borjas, his nephews. Pius, partly to avoid difficulties, partly with the Italian antipathy to the French, at once recognized Ferdinand. So far he had acted wisely, and had done nothing inconsistent with his great aim. The claim of Ferdinand was a good one, and the Pope might recognize whom he thought fit. But Pius did much more: he entered into a treaty with Ferdinand, and identified himself and the Papal policy with Ferdinand's party; and this he did from no higher motive than nepotism, from which all the culture which Pius possessed did not succeed in saving him. He wished to get a hold on Ferdinand, and secure a principality in the kingdom of Naples for Antonio Todeschini, son of his sister Laodamia—a young man in no way remarkable, and who in his early days had caused his uncle trouble, and wrung from him a letter of good advice:—"Everything in which you now delight

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—youth, health, beauty, pleasures—will pass away. Wisdom alone, if once we receive her, accompanies us to our death, and after death makes another life blessed." From the care which Pius now takes of Antonio, we are bound to conclude that he profited by these admonitions. Pius raised troops and money to help Ferdinand and to gain a principedom for Antonio as a dowry of Ferdinand's daughter. No doubt there were motives of Papal and of Italian policy also which made the idea of an Angevin King of Naples distasteful to the Pope; but the leading motive of his strong partisanship of Ferdinand seems to have been this amiable concern for his relations. From the point of view of his crusading projects it was most impolitic, for it alienated France from the Papacy, and gave an additional reason for the refusal to take part in the expedition, or to allow the Pope to collect revenues within the French territories. True, the French had another reason to give; they were at war with England, and could not afford to detach any of their forces. Pius answered, that he was making a similar demand from the English, and if both sides sent an equal contingent the decrease of strength would be proportional, and they might continue their war with undiminished forces. Surely this *naïveté* must be ironical.

Similarly, if we look at the other European powers, we see that Pius did not take steps towards their pacification, and did not behave towards them in a way to encourage them to enter upon a crusade. In Germany he quarrels with the Archbishop Diether of Mainz, because he has not paid the enormous sum of 20,500 ducats, due to the Papal treasury as fees on installation. When Diether tried to evade the payment, the Pope set up a rival, who maintained his claims by force of arms. The dispute widened into civil war, which for four years devastated the Rhine provinces. Equally unhappy was Pius in his dealings with Eastern Germany, where, during the whole of his pontificate, he was engaged in a bitter con-

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flict with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, for whom, as a young man, Aeneas had written love-letters and some educational treatises. England, engaged in the Wars of the Roses, Pius regarded as almost beneath his notice. He mentions that Henry VI. had sent some lords of rank and dignity on an embassy to the Congress at Mantua, but they had refused to come, and only two priests appeared before him. Pius adds, with a strange ignorance of English forms, that their credentials bore the subscription of no witnesses—the King was so deserted that he had to witness his letters himself, writing “*Teste rege,*” and appending the great seal. It seems strange that the Papal Curia did not know the ordinary form of an English state paper. But Pius “despised so poor an embassy from so great a King, and did not admit them to a second audience.”

We do not see in the papal eloquence, any more than in the papal policy, any burning enthusiasm for a Crusade. His speech at Mantua is polished and laboured, yet not of the kind to thrill an excited multitude with wild zeal or fill the air with shouts of “*Deos lo volt!*” Life, he says, is short after all, and troublesome; death comes from small causes, as we see in the case of the poet Anacreon: let us earn in war against the Turks a glorious immortality, “where the soul, freed from the chain of the body, will not recover, as Plato thought, universal knowledge, but will rather, as Aristotle and our doctors hold, attain it.” His speech, however, was much admired; but it was followed by a long address from the Greek Cardinal Bessarion, which showed, as Pius remarked with some complacency, how inferior was Greek eloquence to Latin. The whole Congress at Mantua was a failure: no one except Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who promised to lead 6,000 men, made a genuine offer of aid to the Pope.

The Crusades were looked upon by the European nations in general as means for raising money, which the Papacy spent on its own purposes; and the conduct of Pius in the war of the

Neapolitan succession did not tend to allay their suspicions. The war continued for five years, in the course of which the papal revenues were almost entirely exhausted, and Pius did not even hesitate to summon to his aid the brave Scanderbeg, whose presence was so sorely needed in Greece to hinder the northward progress of the Turks. We grieve to find the Albanian hero leading for a few months 800 of his troops to help the Pope in Naples; a useless aid, because the hardy mountaineers were unused to warfare in the open field, and in the luxury of Italy degenerated into a disorderly rabble. Scanderbeg retired without having effected anything; but his presence in Italy is an instance of the mischief done by the empty talk about Crusades in which Europe at this period indulged. The gallant bands, who were inspired by strong national feeling to resist the Turks, were being deluded by false hopes, and prevented by the promise of a large expedition from carrying out, so sturdily as they would otherwise have done, their own little efforts of resistance and defence.

Europe, in fact, did not believe in a Crusade, although it had an uneasy feeling that a Crusade was both right and wise: the various nations recognized the duty and expedience of it, but deferred the performance till a more convenient season. Pope Pius talked more than anyone else, as befitted a Pope, but did not show any greater desire than any other prince to sacrifice his own interests, however trifling, to the great end which he eloquently advocated. In speaking, it is true, he was not sparing of himself—miracles almost were wrought to enable him to harangue more conveniently. On one occasion he spoke for three hours, he says, and was listened to with breathless attention; and “although he laboured under a very severe cough, yet he was aided during his speech by Divine help, and never coughed at all or showed the least difficulty.” Another time, though suffering from the gout, “though languid, overcome by pain, pale, and

anxious, he could at first scarcely speak at all—when he warmed with eloquence his pain departed, words rushed to his lips, and he delivered a speech of three hours' length, which was listened to with the greatest attention by all." But this speaking availed little when contrasted with the acts of Pius. He spent his energies and money in the Neapolitan war, thereby openly quarrelling with France; while in Germany he fomented dissension instead of promoting peace. The glory of his death has thrown these considerations into the background, but they were present to the eyes, and influenced the judgments, of his contemporaries.

Pius was, at the same time, quite in earnest about the Crusade; but not with the earnestness of deep conviction or self-devotion. He wished it might come about under his presidency, but he could not sacrifice his nephew's prospects to a shadowy hope. He had urged the duty on others,—till they showed signs of fulfilling it, he need not sacrifice the interests of the Holy See. So Pius sounded the note for a Crusade, and waited for six years to see what would happen. He had conducted with credit the Mantua congress, and this was some gain meanwhile.

We cannot follow Pius through all the acts of his Pontificate, but all of them were guided by the same care for scrupulous external decorum, and the same dexterous balancing of the claims and advantages of present profit and future renown. The attention which Pius pays to decorum, as befitted a man of culture, is seen in his long description of the festival which he celebrated on the occasion of receiving from Greece the head of the Apostle St. Andrew; he met the sacred relic outside the city and conducted it within the walls, amid a crowd which was edified by his behaviour. "The wondrous order and dignity of the procession of priests riveted the attention of all—chanting with palms in their hands, they advanced through the throng an escort to the Pope, with slow steps and serious counte-

nance." Tears are shed at the moving discourse of Pius; a Latin hymn in Sapphic stanzas composed by Campanus is sung in honour of the Apostle and the Pope. Then the relic was deposited in the Church of S. Luca, where the Pope also spent the night; the next day it was to be carried to St. Peter's: he tells us his anxiety about the weather, lest the rain should spoil the procession; and when the sun shone out in the morning, then rushed into his grateful mind the lines—

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:
Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet."

He tells us how, to improve the spectacle, he remorselessly ordered that the Cardinals should go on foot. "It was a great sight, and full of devotion, to see these venerable men walking through the slippery streets, palms in their hands, their grey hairs covered by white mitres, clad in priestly robes, their eyes fixed on the ground in silent prayer; and many, who before could never advance more than a hundred yards without their horses, accomplished, on this day, two miles, and that in the mud and laden with their priestly garments."

Again, on the festival of Corpus Domini, celebrated at Viterbo, the Cardinals vied with one another in the grandeur of their shows, knowing that the Pope was a man of taste, and wishing to please him. One device of the Cardinal of Teano was especially praised: a great square through which the procession was to pass was covered over with blue and white drapery, and adorned with arches wreathed with ivy and flowers, and with eighteen columns, on which sat eighteen boys dressed like angels, who formed a quire to sing a greeting to the Pope. In the middle of the square was a representation of the Holy Sepulchre with the soldiers asleep around it; as the Pope drew near an angel was let down by a rope through the curtain, saluted the Pope "with heavenly voice and gesture," and sang a hymn announcing the Resurrection. Then a small cannon was fired, the soldiers awoke and rubbed their eyes; the tomb opened,

a figure stepped out "carrying in his hand the Banner of the Cross adorned with a diadem, and announcing to the people, in Italian verse, the accomplishment of their salvation." Further on, in the square before the Cathedral was acted the Assumption of the Virgin; heaven was represented on the house-tops, where the Cardinal of Santi Quattro Coronati had not shrunk from the extreme realism: "God sitting in majesty, and bands of holy angels, and blazing stars, and the joys of the glory above, were wondrously represented." All this, to its minutest details, Pius tells us: he was pleased with a successful appearance in public. Like a man of taste, he wished that everything should be well done, and that a proper decorum should distinguish everything that surrounded him.

Sometimes, indeed, this decorum was sadly interfered with; and Pius was keenly sensitive to its breach. Much as he might wish, in the splendour of the Papacy, to forget his antecedents and behave with that propriety which only the untoward circumstances of his early days had made him ever lay aside, still there were some who were not so ready to forget; especially one Gregory Heimberg, an honest German, who had no belief in the Italian refinements of Æneas, and who had sturdily upheld the independence of the German Church against Æneas's machinations so long as he could. Gregory could not forgive his old foe, though he had become Pope; he was determined to show him that even a blunt German was not altogether defenceless, but could use his opportunity when it came. Æneas has left us an amusing account of Gregory's rude German manners in Rome, where he had gone on an embassy for the German electors to Eugenius, and Æneas had managed to get in advance of him. "Gregory used to walk after sunset, sweltering in the heat, in a manner disrespectful both to the Romans and his own office—with his boots loose about his heels, his hat in his hand, his breast uncovered, waving his arms, cursing Eugenius and the Romans and

the Curia, heaping imprecations on the stifling heat." Æneas had laughed at him then, but practice had taught Gregory something better than mere rage, and he came to Mantua to pay Pope Pius off for the tricks that Æneas had played. As ambassador of Albert of Austria, he made a speech before the assembly. He need not, he said, praise his master, as the renowned Æneas had frequently done so himself;—Æneas, who had so often gone as ambassador, and had gained by his speeches the highest glory; he who was no orator could only do his duty, and that with dry words and harsh speech, without any windy sentences or rhetorical finery. Pius winced, but Gregory went on, speaking no word in praise of the Pope, and quoting Terence, who was not regarded as a proper author for the Papal ear. Not long after, Gregory, in another speech which he made as Sigismund's ambassador, reminded Pius of his intimacy with Sigismund as a boy, and his kindness in writing love-letters for him, "which your Holiness was good enough to translate from Italian into German." Gregory was remorseless; and Pius was painfully aware that he was being laughed at. It must have given him some satisfaction afterwards to pronounce sentence of excommunication on both Sigismund and Gregory for their resistance to Nicolas of Cusa, bishop of Brixen.

But it was not often that Pius met with such treatment; his affability disarmed hostility, and he delighted, as Pope, to ramble about Italy and enjoy the simple homage of the rustics. He could not stay at Rome and lead an uneventful life surrounded by all the equipments of Papal etiquette; he liked to travel and see new places, and learn the history of the various towns he saw; he liked the country, and he enjoyed change of air; his life had been too adventurous, hitherto, to allow him to sink into an old age of mere ceremonial decorum. So in spite of the murmurs of the people of Rome, Pius used to wander forth attended by a few Cardinals, with whom he might transact the necessary Papal business, and would enjoy

the cool breezes of the hills, or refresh his aching frame by sailing up the Tiber, or would settle at the baths of Viterbo, or draw towards the neighbourhood of his native Siena. He would delight in eating a simple meal by the side of a fountain, or would rest while his servants, with much shouting and bustle, would beat the stream for fish; and great was his satisfaction when the peasants of the neighbourhood, hearing of his presence, flocked to beg his blessing and bring gifts of fruit and bread; nor did he, when the rude herdsman offered him milk in the wooden bowl well dirtied by continual use, refuse the gift, but drank it with a smile of kindness, and handed it on to the nearest Cardinal.

In his delight in a holiday, and his appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, Pius is far in advance of the ordinary sentiment of his time; and in fact is purely modern. He describes the view out of his bedroom window, and the places at which he used to halt for food, in the same way as a modern traveller writing to his friends at home. Here is an extract from his journal: "The Pope advanced from Fabrica to Soriano through roads which were most delightful; for the greater part of the fields were yellow with the flowers of the broom, the rest, covered with shrubs and flowers of every kind, shone with purple, white, or a thousand other hues. It was the month of May, and everything was green; the woods were smiling and ringing with the songs of birds. . . . In Viterbo, the Pope used every day to go out before daybreak into the fields, to enjoy the pleasant air before the day grew hot, and look at the green crops and the flowering flax which, in its colour, imitated the heavens." Passages like this meet us at every page, showing the keen pleasure that Pius took in change of place, his ready observation of the picturesque, and his delight in the beauties of nature.

His diligence was indeed inexhaustible; although he possessed this relish for a holiday, and although he was so broken down in health that he had always to be carried in a litter, he never neglected

either the duties of his office or his devotion to literary pursuits. It is indeed wonderful how persistently he retained his freshness, how easily his mind could receive an impulse, and how laboriously he would follow out a line of study even in the midst of pressing business. The most learned of his works is a Treatise on the Geography of Asia, which shows great research, as well as accuracy of knowledge, and truthfulness of conception of the general bearings of geography, and the utility of its study. This work was commenced in 1461, in the height of his Neapolitan war; it arose from a chance conversation between Pius and his general, Frederic of Urbino, who was escorting him from Rome to Tivoli. "The Pope was pleased with the flashing of the arms and the trappings of the horses and men; for what is more beautiful than the ordered line of a camp? The sun was shining on the shields; the breast-plates and crests reflected a wondrous splendour; each band of soldiers showed like a forest of spears. Frederic, who was a man of great reading, began to ask the Pope if the heroes of antiquity were armed like men of the present day. The Pope said that all our present arms, and many others as well, were mentioned by Homer and Virgil." The talk then turned to the Trojan war, which Frederic disparaged, while the Pope maintained its importance; then they discussed the extent and boundaries of Asia Minor, about which they could not agree. "So the Pope, finding a little leisure at Tivoli, wrote a description of Asia drawn from Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, Quintus Curtius, Julius Solinus, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient authors, choosing such points as seemed requisite for the full understanding of the matter." Nor was this all: for in the preface to the "*Asia*," Pius tells us his intention (it was partially fulfilled) of writing a geography of the world, with a sketch of the previous history of every country, and a full account of the important events which had occurred in each in his own time. He knows that this literary work will not escape a malignant interpretation.

"How comes it, many will say, that the Pope has so much leisure as to spend, in writing books, the time which belongs to the Christian people?" To this Pius answers, what authors since his time have not ceased to answer to their critics: "Let him who despises our writings, read them before he condemn. They contain much from which he may learn; nor is the time spent in their production taken away from public business; but we have deprived our old age of the rest which is its due, that we might record the events of our time which deserve remembrance. Our labours are carried on by night, and we consume in writing the greater part of the hours that are due to sleep. It may be urged that the time would be better spent in vigils and prayers, as it had been by many of his predecessors;" but Pius honestly owns that his culture has outlived the gloomy rites of mediæval ascetism. "We confess that others might have spent their vigils better, but we must give some indulgence to our mind, whose delight lies in midnight studies."

In all other points we are similarly struck with the capacity which Pius shows for taking an interest in everything he sees: twice in his commentaries does he describe with great relish some athletic sports, of which he had been a spectator. It is true he feels it beneath the Papal dignity to acknowledge the interest he felt, and on both occasions, after most graphic descriptions of the races, he adds that the Pope was not present, but was engaged with the Cardinals on business at the time. He describes, however, in exactly similar language, a theological controversy held in his presence; a strife had broken out between the Minorites and the Dominicans on the tremendous question whether the Blood of Christ shed on the ground during the Passion, were worthy of reverence and worship. The strife had waxed high between the two rival Orders, till at last the question was referred to the Pope. For three days the disputants argued before the Consistory. Pius may be pardoned for looking upon

the proceedings as a kind of mental and even bodily gymnastic. "It was beautiful and delightful to hear the eminent talents of these most learned men contend in argument, and to see now one and now another press to the front. They strove, as became the majesty of their judges, with moderation and eagerness; but so severe and sharp was the conflict, that, though it was the depth of winter, and everything was stiff with frost, the sweat dropped from them—such was their ardour for victory." Pius does not profess any interest for the question itself, but he details at length the arguments on each side, and watched its alternations with the same delight as he had seen the foot-races at Pienza.

Thus in his Neapolitan war, in discharging the duties of his office, and in mental relaxation by wanderings in search of new interests, Pius passed the years 1460-64. His health had at first been bad, and grew worse; he could not use his feet, and had always to be carried in a litter; he was a martyr to gout, and suffered dreadfully from stone; he was old before his years; his face showed the marks of the perpetual pains he endured, but he had learned self-control, and would contrive to talk or speak even when suffering most acute agony, and his suffering was known only by the contortion of the muscles of his face, or the twitching of his lips, "although oftentimes he suffered such agonies that there was nothing, except his voice, which could show that he remained alive."¹ Life, he saw, could not last long, and the question grew more pressing every year,—with what fame would his name go down to posterity?

This was a thought always present with him; he was keenly sensitive to public opinion, and showed himself always most anxious to leave a worthy remembrance of himself to after ages. But Pius was too acute to mistake the shouts of his own generation for fame, or to think that a reputation could be conferred by the literary panegyrics so common in his days; he had written too many him-

¹ Campanus, "*Vita Pii.*"

self, and knew their real value. Hence he never showed himself a patron of literary men; the acclamations of needy men of letters, which hailed his accession to the Papacy, very soon calmed down when their elaborate eulogiums were but coldly received, and the gifts which they expected failed to appear. Greater still was the consternation when it was rumoured that the Pope actually set up for being a critic, and laughed at the bombastic productions that poured in on every side; it was known that he had said that orators and poets ought to be supreme, or they ought not to exist. He pulled in pieces the epigrams which were sent him; and an impromptu of his was commonly quoted¹—

“Take, poets, for your verses verse again:
My purpose stands to mend, not buy your strain.”

Even Francesco Filelfo, in spite of his great reputation and his early connection with the Pope, found that his offer to be a new Homer, and write the *Odyssey* of Pius' Crusade, was not accepted with the fervour, or rewarded with the liberality, which he conceived to be his due; after begging in the most abject manner from Pius, he changed his tactics, and wrote the most scurrilous and disgusting libels against him.

Pius knew that his fame could be established only by his exploits; and so, as he saw his life wane, he recurred with greater zeal to his project of a Crusade. He wrote a remarkable letter to Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, in which he set before him the advantages of Christianity, and explained at length its doctrines; he urged the Sultan to be converted; he proved to him, historically, that he had no right to the possessions which he had lately conquered; but, if he would only be baptized, this flaw in his title might be remedied, the Pope would acknowledge him Emperor of the Greeks and of the East, and would establish him in one of the highest positions in Christendom. The letter has been often quoted, but

its real significance seems to me to have been strangely overlooked; it is not mere rhetorical bombast or empty verbiage—it is a genuine, though, perhaps, not very hopeful appeal to the old Imperial principle which Pius hoped might still be lingering in the East. He had seen the Greek Emperor reconcile himself with Eugenius to gain help against the advancing Turks. Now the Turks had conquered; but by gaining a place in Europe they might become amenable to European ideas. Pius did not understand Islam and its strength; he did not appreciate—how could he?—the difference between the fiery Turks who had captured Constantinople, and the Teutons who of old had broken up the Empire of the West. He still thought there was a chance that the Papacy might repeat its bloodless triumphs of the eighth century, and that the barbarians of the East might be persuaded, or overawed, to bow before the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The hope was vain, and perhaps was not very seriously entertained; but the hope of combining Europe against the Turks Pius soon learned to be equally vain.

The expedition so long deferred was at length undertaken. Europe heard with incredulous wonder that the Pope intended to accompany the Crusaders in person; the various powers of Europe gave answers more or less plausible to his proposals, but none of them sent any troops. Pius waited, and became more impatient and more hopeless of any help. At length he determined to allay all doubts of his good faith (for the word of the Pope was now, alas! by no means accepted as true); the princes of Europe should see that he was in earnest—“perchance when they see their master and father, the Vicar of Christ, an old man and sick, advancing to the war, they will feel shame to linger at home; they will take arms and embrace with brave hearts the defence of holy religion. If this does not arouse Christians to battle, we know not what will—this means, at all events, we will try.” So the infirm old Pope, though his sufferings were aggravated by symptoms of

¹ “Discite, pro numeris, numeros sperare poetae;
Mutare est animus carmina, non emere.”

an approaching fever, set out from Rome, June 14, 1464, to go to Ancona and wait till Christendom gathered enthusiastically round his banner. It was a dangerous experiment, and most unwise; neither Pius himself nor his predecessors had established any hold upon the affections of Europe. This appeal to the personal influence of the Papacy was an entire failure—only a few, and they a mere disorderly rabble, assembled at Ancona to await the Pope; and they, when the Pope was delayed on his journey by the increase of his fever, began to disband; and as Pius neared Ancona, his doctors drew the curtains round his litter, that he might not have his pain increased by seeing the crowds with their faces set from the city. Pius reached Ancona on the 18th of July, and lived just long enough to realize how entirely his plan had failed. His death has shed a halo almost of martyrdom over the entire attempt. There is something very touching, to us who review the facts in an after age, in the spectacle of the Pope being carried on his death-bed to attempt an undertaking of vital importance for European civilization, and to attempt it single-handed with chivalrous zeal, because all the princes of Europe were absorbed in petty jealousies and selfish schemes, and had no thought for the common good. Yet it was fortunate for Pius that he died when he did; had he lived long enough to retire unsuccessfully, his proceedings would have been greeted with a shout of laughter, and the Papacy would have lost its prestige even more than it did under Clement VII. It was reserved for a later time, that the Papacy should make itself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe; but Pius brought it perilously near such a position.

As it was, however, the bedridden Pope lived three weeks at Ancona sinking gradually, and preparing for his end; his last hours show us the same strange confusion of littleness and grandeur, of simplicity and affectation, of selfishness and goodness which marks his entire life. After crying like a child over the thought that when he was gone there

would be no one to look after his nephews—for he knew too well the fate of Papal favourites—he died with his arm round the neck of his friend, the Cardinal of Pavia, and his last words were, "Do good, my son, and pray God for me."

The briefest record of Pope Pius's career is the clearest summary of his character. He was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of his times, whose excellences and whose failures he mirrors accurately, both in his life and writings. They were times when a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge was widely spread; but the knowledge of antiquity, when obtained, was remote from the common interests of daily life, and was opposed, both in its principles and conclusions, to the Christian basis on which medieval life had been built. Hence the learning of the Renaissance could not become a source of national thought, and so of national life, but only of individual culture. This culture Pius II. possessed in a remarkable degree, and was susceptible of its slightest warnings, without being rendered by it over-sensitive and unfit for the coarser struggles of practical life. On the contrary, his culture was to him a source of strength in action, giving him a keen insight into human character, freeing him from ordinary scruples, enabling him to reconstruct his plans of life, when necessary, with such promptitude that there was no waste of energy and no place for remorse: teaching him to make the best of himself, and adapt himself to circumstances as they occurred; to aim at self-gratification not merely in the lower, but in the higher sense of obtaining power, influence, position, dignity; to form opinions not from internal necessity or conviction, but as a convenient padding to lessen the wear and tear of daily life; to gratify refined literary tastes and intellectual interests by a dainty use of the actual facts and surroundings of his position; to mix refinement with morality so that self-respect was never injured, but rather grew with every new success.

M. CREIGHTON.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERCOMMUNICATION OF PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS.

THIS is a subject of great importance, but not, I fear, of great attractiveness.

The right thing would be that all departments should look upon themselves as having one end and aim—as constituted solely for the purpose of ensuring more efficiency by the division of labour. The idea of being part of the general government, of caring for good government generally, and not merely existing as an isolated office, should always be present to them.

There are three dangers incident to this division of labour:—

1. That which arises from an inclination to push off business to another office.

2. That which must attend the arrangement of business in such a way that it cannot be settled, except by a concurrence of several offices.

3. That which must result from over-control and interference on the part of a superior office, which over-control and interference could only be justified by a complete knowledge in the controlling department of the business of all the other offices.

The danger to which I have given the first place, is one that is well known. All that need be said about it is, that ruling persons should beware, both on their own part, and on that of their subordinates, of giving way to the temptation to make an apparent clearance of work by dexterously referring it, rather than by giving any decision upon it.

With regard to the second danger, there should be frequent efforts made to disengage business from the requirement of needless concurrence. It often happens that what was in the first instance a wise requirement for conjoint action, becomes even in a short time useless. And in such matters the uselessness is not merely a negative thing, but is sure to become a positive hindrance.

Previously to discussing the third danger, it may be remarked that there is hardly anything which is more sure to increase, with an increase of what is called civilization, than an aversion to incur moral responsibility. In the ruder ages men were more willing than they are now, to take responsibility, because there was neither such a nice perception of consequences, nor such an almost morbid fear of consequences, as that which prevails in the present day. Moreover, physical danger and suffering being more common, moral suffering was less apprehended and less felt. If this be so, the danger to which I have given the third place, is considerably extended.

Frequent and unnecessary interference on the part of the controlling department, adds greatly to the fear of responsibility on the part of the controlled department. The habit of avoiding responsibility gains ground; and, on some critical occasion, when the controlled department ought to act with great dispatch and vigour, it will be found to have lost the power of doing so.

Disputes between departments, another result of over-control, should be carefully avoided; and, with this object in view, care should be taken by them not

to get into a "paper war." When it is doubtful whether the views of departments, which have to act together, are in accord, correspondence should be avoided until it has been ascertained by conference, whether some common course of action cannot be agreed upon. There is perhaps no occasion in modern life in which the words of the Scripture—"A house divided against itself cannot stand"—are more applicable than when different departments of the State feel and act in hostility to one another.

I began by admitting that this subject is not likely to be of general interest; but, perhaps, the indifference to it would be lessened if people perceived that in ordinary life the same difficulties occur as in official life, and the same precautions are needful in order to avert or lessen these difficulties. The truth of this statement may be seen, when considering the management of a household, or the conduct of a commercial business, or indeed the transaction of any private affairs in which division of labour is necessary. Here also it is most desirable so to manage that the work shall not be hindered by the frequent use of that ill-conditioned saying, "It is not my business," and by action in accordance with that saying; also by the division of the business being such that it cannot be settled without the needless consent of too many persons; and, finally, by the general control being of that nature which incapacitates an individual department, or person, from taking action swiftly, resolutely, and effectively when it is necessary so to do.

In order that departments may work well together for the one common end of good government, there should be a certain elasticity in each department. If we look minutely into some of the great disasters which have occurred in the official government of the world, I think it will be found that these disasters have proceeded more from rigidity of movement in the several departments, than even in looseness of general control. And here I would specially draw attention to the fact that strictness in audit may be so conducted as not to interfere

with efficiency of action in an independent department, provided that within certain limits full power is given to the department as regards both management and expenditure in minor matters. When swiftness of action is imperatively needed, and when a department fails to act swiftly, the failure is seldom due to a feeling on the part of the officers of the department that they will not be able to justify themselves ultimately as regards any expenditure they may have to incur, or any other means that they may have to take. The failure results from a feeling that they shall have to battle at once with another office respecting this expenditure and these means; and that meanwhile the opportunity will be lost. And so they gradually accustom themselves to a course of inactivity, and justify themselves for adopting it.

I have been obliged to state my views on this important subject in a very abstract manner; and, from motives of reticence, have denied myself the power of illustrating, by numerous individual instances, the truth of the statements I have made. I may, however, add that the evils I have pointed out are increasing evils. Every man as he grows older ought to exercise constant watchfulness over his judgments when he is comparing the present with the past, for fear he should allow the recollections coloured by the joyous temperament of youth to prejudice the truth of the comparison. He should be aware that he is apt to say that there are now no singers, no actors, no orators worthy to be compared with those whom he heard in his youth. Making careful allowance for this feeling in the older men connected with the public offices, I still cannot but think that they are right in saying that there has been much disimprovement in the matters I have referred to, since their first tenure of office. They say that they remember, for instance, a time when the heads of great departments, and the parliamentary chiefs of great departments, insisted upon their work being well done by themselves, and would not brook unreasonable control

from other departments—when, in fact, great men were much more ready to resign their offices than to conduct them with any inefficiency that could be avoided. The late Sir James Graham, than whom a better administrator has not held office in our generation, would ask, when attempted to be subjected to any unreasonable control, whether he was to conduct the business of his department, or whether the department that assumed to control it, were to do so. And I have heard that he generally succeeded in having his own way, and would not have held office otherwise.

Of course, moderation and good sense should enter into this matter, as into everything else; but the real danger in the present day is that there should be an absence of individual force and energy in the separate departments, rather than that sufficient check, supervision, and control should not be exercised. It is to be remarked that when any evil occurs to the community, or threatens the community, the department to which the dealing with that evil naturally belongs, is expected to deal with it effectively. The bricks must be made, whether any straw has been provided or not. That the evil may be dealt with effectively, there should be that elasticity of movement, and that power of individual action habitually allowed to the department, which alone will enable it to act with the requisite vigour on any emergency.

It is not improbable that a great error will permeate Europe from a consideration of the result of the war between France and Germany. It will be stated that the German conquest was mainly owing to a skill in organization, which showed itself in the management of the smallest matters. A story has been told of how, after the war, the hide of a single animal has had to be accounted for by the regiment to which the animal was delivered by way of rations, that regiment having been suddenly summoned to battle, and the said skin having been left behind. Now, if anybody believes that this minute trouble about such small matters is likely

to be very serviceable on great occasions he is liable to make a great mistake, and to contradict the experience of the world. Armies have been very successful and great conquests have been made when minutiae of this sort have been especially neglected for the purpose of ensuring rapidity of movement. The kind of organization which ends in such minute supervision as that indicated above, is for the most part unwise organization. The causes of victory in this particular case are not far to seek. Want of preparation, want of generalship, divided counsels, civic turbulence, dynastic discords are amply sufficient to account for the defeat of the French. If any cause specially relating to our present subject requires to be mentioned it is this: that in the conquered nation, there was over-control at the centre, and that the various departments did not act with sufficient independence, did not seek so much to render those departments efficient as to make a fair appearance to the Central Controlling Department. It is also probable that this central department was very often deceived as to the statement of facts; that it was ignorant as regards the extent of stores, and other important information. But it must be recollected that there may be a great lack of real supervision combined with a great proneness to interfere needlessly in small matters, which interference almost invariably leads to concealment. I venture to maintain that the Germans succeeded, not by means of a minute attention to details, which when carried to extremes is sure to be mischievous, but in spite of it, and by reason of certain great personal qualities, and of certain felicitous circumstances which were not to be found amongst their opponents.

When I have spoken of the danger arising from several departments having to act in concert for the management of any particular business, it must be recollected that, to obviate this danger, two forms of remedy are required. One is, that a not unfrequent reconstruction of offices is required—sometimes to be effected by creating a new department,

and sometimes by the transfer wholly of a branch of business from one great office to another. The second is, that much more care should be taken than is now taken in the framing of Acts of Parliament with reference to this particular object—namely, that one kind of business should be transacted by one office. As matters are now generally managed, a new kind of business, arising perhaps from some emergency, is sure to be entrusted to an old office, generally unfitted to receive it. The business is transacted incompletely by this office; and, eventually, it is found desirable to create a new department for the management of this business. But, meanwhile, there has been a growth of legislation applying only to the management of the business by the office to which it has originally been assigned. In any change, an alteration in this legislation has to be made. It is seldom perfectly made;

and the new department is hampered by certain links of connection with the old department. All these troubles and difficulties would be avoided, if from the first it were clearly seen that the business in question is one of a novel character, requiring to be dealt with by a new department, or by a distinctly separated branch of an old department. The cause of this error is not far to seek, and it is, to a certain extent, a good cause. We are such an intensely conservative nation, that when we introduce any new thing we must bring it into connection with something which has the claims of antiquity and prescription to reconcile us to it. But it would be wiser to acknowledge at once that the thing is new; and that the best plan would be not to bind it up in Mezen-tian fashion with that which is old, and which has its well-worn grooves to run upon.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR.

CHAPTER I.

"I dream of a red-rose tree :
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me ?"

I AM a rising barrister, with good connections, and some vague expectations ; in other words, I am a fine young fellow with a rich old uncle in the background. When I mention this said uncle, I have observed that people generally brighten and look interested ; but I have the wit not to be always talking of him, and I take my amusement out of life, and am by no means a fool. In fact I am a popular man about London. I have rooms in the Albany, a stall at both opera-houses, a fourth of a forest and moor in Sutherlandshire, a rod on the best salmon river in Ireland, and the run of my uncle's stables. I had not long been practising at the Bar, when I received an invitation to dine at the Trevelyan's—old family friends, whom I had not seen for some years. When I was a boy, I generally spent the summer vacations at their house, because my uncle could not be troubled with me for so long a time ; he housed me only during the short holidays. The Trevelyan girls and I used to spend the long July days in climbing trees, running races, fly-fishing, walking on stilts, and quarrelling ; when at peace, we entrapped small birds, which we killed, cooked, and ate with entire satisfaction to ourselves. They are now grown-up young ladies, and have, no doubt, forgotten this wild-oat period of their lives.

"Come in a friendly way," said Judge Trevelyan to me, as he met me in court one day, as if my habitual proclivities were unfriendly. The family consists of the Judge, his wife, and three daughters. They have left the old Manor-house (the scene of our youthful escapades)

and have settled conveniently near the Kensington Gardens, living the same life, I suppose, as at Nos. 6, 7, and 8, in the same square—breakfast at nine, lunch for the ladies, and dinner at eight, when papa brings home, perhaps, a young gentleman for the ladies' entertainment. This simple domestic existence is, perhaps, varied by outings to balls, dinners, and concerts. There is a great deal of family affection, innocence, and sincerity, but the programme is apt to be slightly monotonous to the visitor, who would fain have the ease of a little flirtation, *qui n'engage à rien*, without the surveillance of papas and mammas.

And then for a wife—well, why should I think of a wife, when I have made up my mind not to contemplate matrimony for the next dozen years at least ? My wife, however, is to wear no false hair, no crinoline, no high-heeled boots, and yet she is to be—well, not like anyone I have yet seen. Thinking on these things, I found myself at Kensington. "Lady Trevelyan at home !" I asked the solemn man in black. "Yes, sir." Then a blaze of light, a faint perfume of hothouse flowers, a door opened, and I found myself in one of the regular London drawing-rooms, the general sombreness of which was relieved by touches of artistic taste. There were no grand books set at right angles on the table ; it was heaped with newspapers, magazines, and Mudie's novels ; on the writing-table there was a confusion of letters opened and unopened, a medley of papers, pens, and inkstains. I felt apprehensive that the girls might come in and pelt me with pillows, as in the old days. They ought at least to have made things look tidy, when they knew I was coming ; surely they cannot have forgotten that I have an uncle !

Enter mother and hostess—a grand, bland woman, who somehow puts me off my ease, perhaps because she is not like the typical London mamma. I admit frankly I am not generally shy, though I am a very modest man. I dine out, on an average, five times a week; and can break a dull pause by talking gracefully across the dinner-table. I have never found myself at a loss for saying something pleasant and placid to my young lady while descending with her to the dining-room; and am generally ready with some happy opening phrase at first greeting: not always, however, for on the present occasion I bow in a silent solemn way, which seems to amuse Lady Trevelyan.

"Dear me," she said, laughing low, and drawing me into the light of the fire, "you are not at all the grand young man I was led to expect; and so like your mother—she used to give herself great airs at school, but was most loveable in her rare shy fits."

I was still tightly holding the lady's hand in mine (such a dear, firm, liberal hand it was) when someone else entered the room.

"Come here, Cissy; this is your old playmate, now the able Mr. Vincent, who so eloquently argued for the culprit the other day by weeping and saying he was his only friend."

And Mamma laughed, and so did Cissy, and so did I. And then I looked at Miss Trevelyan, and noticed that she was not so pretty as she had promised to be. She is the eldest, and used to be my favourite. She always gave up to me in everything; and if I hurt her she did not cry out as the others did. Like her mother, she was wholly unembarrassed, looking me full in the face with her mild, steady eyes. If she had asked me how long ago it was since I had left school, I should neither have been astonished nor angry. A young lady of about ten years next entered the room, all legs and arms; she appeared as if she were visibly growing out of a rather scanty dress.

"Shake hands with Mr. Vincent, Dunsey," said Mamma, looking pro-

vokingly satisfied with her unfledged offspring. Whereupon Dunsey lifted up a pair of beautiful blue eyes to mine, and reaching out her hand, gave me a most friendly shake.

"And this is Lady Anne—I suppose you remember her," added Mamma, as another slight, radiant figure appeared in the doorway.

"She is very much changed," I said, dazzled by the beauty of a half-forgotten face. She seemed no more the wild, wayward little thing I used to know, though with a shy grace peculiar to herself she met my glance with an amused scrutiny. Papa had evidently drawn for the benefit of the family a fancy sketch of me, which was too bad of him. I observed in her face the sensitive sudden changes as before, the same sweet uncertain curves of the coral lips, the open spaces between the rounded pearly teeth, but about the eyes there was a depth and tenderness of expression that was new to me. She looked all too delicate for life's rough ways, she was so slight, such a mere child—helpless, and yet there was about her helplessness a subdued tender triumph. Perhaps, however, the chief charm lay in an entire unconsciousness of self. As I resumed my seat, the room seemed suddenly to turn round, the fire came gradually nearer to me, and the ceiling threatened to press down upon my head, and then I went off into a helpless reverie—thinking of the evenings we used to have long ago at home, when I *had* a home, before my sister married, and was able to talk on subjects other than her baby's teething; when we used to tease Tom about his numerous flames. Tom is my scapegrace brother, whose name we do not mention now, because, being of an indolent and affectionate nature, he firstly could not find work in England, and, secondly, married an innkeeper's daughter, and went out with her to Australia. I often have letters from Polly, my sister-in-law, the gist of them being—"Tom and me are very well and happy, in which state I hope this will find you." These old remembrances came upon me when Sir

John and Lady Trevelyan, Cissy, Lady Anne, and Dunsey were placidly discussing the latest news from the "Pall Mall," London cab fares, and a parcel that Papa had left behind in a railway carriage.

"So now, Papa, you must never scold me about forgetting things. I get all my bad qualities from you," said Dunsey, perching herself upon the elbow of Papa's arm-chair. Lady Anne had turned her profile to me; I wanted to see her full face—should I ask her to move? How she would have laughed at me—she seemed so ready to laugh; and how aggravatingly happy and comfortable and independent they all were, and so indifferent to me, except perhaps the good, wise mother. Was it the heat of the fire, combined with a general sense of emptiness, that had so utterly damped my social charms, or had I really fallen suddenly in love with a beautiful face?

"For you, Miss Cissy," whispered a little old woman, slipping noiselessly into the room bearing a letter on a salver. Cissy seized it, patted the hand that held the tray, and looked gratefully up into the dim old eyes.

"I hope I see you well, Master Vincent."

"Quite well, thank you, Nurse," I answered, opening the door for her, as I recognized in her an old ally—one who had deftly patched my infantine trousers.

"I am famishing with hunger," whispered Dunsey, clutching at Nurse's dress; "when do you think dinner will be ready?"

"It is just coming up, dear."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the child devoutly.

Cissy's letter was crushed fast between two little hands, and surreptitiously deposited unopened in her pocket. A bright colour had come into her face, and her eyes looked deep and lustrous; I lost sight of the anxious lines about her brow, and saw only the rippling brown hair gleaming in the firelight. I expected Mamma to have made some inquiry about that letter—

it was clearly her duty to do so; I felt inclined to insist upon it; but they were all too many for me, and Mamma, instead, contentedly turned her wedding-ring round and round her fair finger, like a self-absorbed bride.

At the dinner-table I found myself next to Dunsey. "Why do you call your sister Lady Anne?" I asked, suddenly turning upon her, and making her blush—which left me more at my ease.

"Because," replied she, wriggling uneasily on her chair, "when Papa was knighted long ago, she insisted upon the whole household calling her Lady Anne, and we forget now to call her anything else."

"And I suppose you are named Dunsey because you are a dunce?"

"Yes,—how did you guess that?" she faltered, her big eyes brimming with tears.

"It is self-evident, but I like dunces."

"Do you really?" she asked, making a dash at her eyelashes; "and do you like people whose writing resembles the mad scratchings of flies' legs? That is what Papa says mine is like."

"Very much," I answered fervently, trying in vain to intercept the sweet glances of Lady Anne as they fell lovingly upon the little sister's eager, upturned face.

"Sit straight, child," said Mamma severely; and Dunsey spoke no more.

After the ladies left the room, Judge Trevelyan and I discussed the need of ventilation in the law-courts. "The air is positively stifling," said the Judge, growing eloquent in the cause. I think he proceeded to explain a new plan of ventilation discovered in India, but I cannot give it *in extenso*, as I was at the time mentally purchasing for Dunsey a Mordant's gold pencease, and a grand commonplace-book with lock and key.

I found, in the drawing-room, Lady Anne and her weird little sister sitting on the sofa, with a chessboard resting on their knees.

"Don't you think," I said, going up to Dunsey, "it is quite time for little girls to go to bed?"

"Oh dear, no," replied she, galloping up to look at the clock; "it is hardly nine, and I never go to bed till half-past—do I, Mamma?"

"No, dear," said Mamma; "come and sit here, Mr. Vincent. I have been thinking if you would like to have some of your mother's letters; I would give you all I possess—such bright, clever letters they are; I have kept them for many a long year," she continued, taking out from her work-table drawer a little packet of them tied up with faded pink ribbon.

I should have made an effort to read them then and there, but it was impossible with that terrible child, Dunsey, keeping up such a continual chatter.

"It is quite hopeless teaching you chess," she exclaimed to Lady Anne, laughing with happy triumph; "you don't remember the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. Now why did you move your king there?" Cissy was writing, in a far corner, some diplomatic despatch.

"Is it ready?" asked the old nurse, putting her head in at the door.

"Yes, here it is; and you will be quite sure to give the letter your own very self, and see if he is really better, and ask what is the doctor's last opinion, and if he liked the jelly, and what he thinks of the third volume, and——"

"Yes, yes, that will do—how am I to remember all that?" grumbled the old woman, as she got herself away, with Dunsey gambolling before her.

"Perhaps your ladyship will have more success with me," I said, darting to the vacated seat on the sofa.

"I am afraid not, I am so slow," said Lady Anne, beginning to rearrange the board a little despondingly.

"When it rains at Burton Reach we play chess all day."

"And where is Burton Reach, and who are 'we'?" asked her ladyship.

"Don't you remember my uncle?"

"Ah, to be sure; a cross old man, who never would allow you sufficient pocket-money, and used to complain about your tailor's bills, though Papa always assured him you were a most

careful little boy with your clothes. Now let us begin."

Our hands touched across the board, but she did not look up—she was intent upon the game, which she did not in the least understand. I edged myself nearer, and predetermined that she should win, but not too quickly; I wanted her to pay attention not only to the chessmen but to me. In the end she won, but did not triumph like Dunsey.

"And now for another game," I urged.

"No, no," said Mamma, looking up from her work, a little clouded and troubled; "Lady Anne has played enough."

"Very well, Mamma," said her ladyship, giving up the board good-humouredly; "we will all sit round the fire and talk of the good, the true, and the beautiful."

"That's a rich idea," exclaimed Papa, throwing aside his newspaper and taking off his spectacles. And so we all drew in.

How seldom it is one gets a long, uninterrupted talk, and how pleasant and how soul-satisfying it is! And when one is in love—in love for the first time, in love at first sight—how all-important it seems to get at once to her thoughts, tastes, and expressions of opinion. Lady Anne never directly addressed me, and yet, somehow, all she said I took to myself, and interpreted in my own way. Her family laughed at her and contradicted her, but still they turned to her as we turn to the bright, warm rays of the sun, and I basked in those rays like one who has been long in shadow. I took up a volume of poetry, and searched for some verses I knew of bearing upon our subject. I read them as an aside to Cissy; but I knew that Lady Anne was listening, and listening smiled.

CHAPTER II.

"Dis quel est l'amour véritable?
Celui qui respire en autrui.
Et l'amour le plus indomptable?
Celui qui fait le moins de bruit."

I DREAMED that night of Cissy and Dunsey; I awoke in the morning say-

ing to myself "Lady Anne, Lady Anne." I tried to recall Cissy's and Dunsey's faces, but could not succeed; Lady Anne's always came before me—her voice, her looks, her manner of moving like some slowly-flitting cloud. I thought about her over my dismal breakfast; the rain poured in torrents, the streets looked gloomy and damp, the opposite windows blank, but I imagined myself in the country, breathing the perfume of roses, and I determined to write a novel, and the name of it should be "Lady Anne."

I arrived at my chambers earlier than my clerk had looked for me. He was, as usual, pale and melancholy. I felt inclined to apologize to him for disturbing him before his time.

"I have to leave early to-day," I said, hesitatingly.

He looked as if he had the whole law work of England on his shoulders, and treated me rather as his junior partner. As I looked at his straight sandy hair I wondered if he were in love with some suburban beauty; if so "that not impossible she" should tell him to anchor his collar securely below his cravat. But then, does she love him, and does he love her? and if then, what then? Dogged, gloomy youth, do you not know that all this—paper, pens, ink, dust, and parchment—is but a discordant accompaniment to "a melody rare and sweet"? If you want to take a holiday to Brixton you have only to ask for it, and I should shut up shop and wait—oh, so patiently!—for your return.

I worked hard for three hours; then, when my overseer was not looking, took my hat and slipped away. I walked for some time as a man does who is too late for an engagement, made a purchase at the stationer's, and gained my lodgings a little out of breath. After a biscuit and a glass of sherry, I found myself whirling away in a hansom towards the Trevelyan's house. "Ladies just going out," said solemn man in black, "perhaps they will see me," said I, pressing his hand.

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"I will see, sir," said Solemnity, brightening.

"Dunsey, come here!" this to two legs disappearing up the stairs.

Bang came Dunsey, bounding down the flight of steps in two grand leaps.

"See!" said I, opening a parcel, "here is a pen, and book to write in; and I do hope," I continued, severely, "that this may be an inducement to you to improve your handwriting."

I was agitated, but Dunsey was not in the least.

"And a lock and key to the book!" she cried, making a pirouette on one foot; "that is *too* delightful. I shall copy out all my valentines into it."

"Who sends you valentines?" I asked, testily.

"Oh, lots of people. Charlie Blake sends me one from Rugby, and I always have a beauty from Lady Anne—only, you know, I don't know it," she continued, winking and nodding her head; "it comes through the post, and has real dirty marks upon it, just like the others, and as it is scented deliciously I keep it all the year round among my handkerchiefs. And then, you know, there is Cissy's—ahem!" Expressive pantomimic grimaces follow, explaining the case more clearly than words. "But it is only his own poetry, with no pictures. I think the verses very weak, though Cissy thinks them beautiful. She always reminds him when St. Valentine's Day occurs, or he would never remember it. He is so absent-minded and horrid, he never can recollect whether he has seen me or not, and generally shakes hands with me twice."

"And is Charlie Blake a master at Rugby?"

Dunsey burst out laughing. "Oh, dear no! he is just gone, and is only in the lower fourth. Talk of my handwriting! you should see his! All blots, and no full stops, and he uses slangy expressions that I don't understand, so as to make me think he is clever; but, as I tell him, I shall never believe in that till he is head of the sixth."

"I would not write to him if I were
you."

"Oh, I would sooner do it than not."

"Well, now, dear, I think you had better go."

"Where?" asked Dunsey, raising her eyebrows.

"Why, to your lessons," I replied.

"I've done them long ago, and Mamma said I wasn't to practise because Lady Anne has a headache; but I will go and feed my birds if you like."

"Very well, and don't leave paper and string lying about," said I, crushing the wrapper of the book into her little brown palm.

I had hardly seated myself, with my back to the light, when Lady Trevelyan entered, arrayed in her bonnet and shawl. I rose, and she seated herself directly in my chair, motioning me to one opposite.

"I am sorry to hear," said I precipitately, "that Lady Anne has a headache."

"My daughter is not very well to-day," said Mamma, a little stiffly.

Of course I should have said "Miss Trevelyan" instead of "Lady Anne." The sun blazed in upon me from the window, and Lady Trevelyan's eyes gazed pitilessly upon me from her dark corner. Here was a totally different woman from the easy, happy mamma of last night. It was to be war to the knife. Well, I too could fight. Who would not fight for Lady Anne? You poor weak mother, deeming yourself so strong, do you not know that if I don't win her some one else will? Do you think men have not eyes in their heads? They may start in life with a preconceived plan of celibacy, but it is always permitted them to alter their ideas when and where they will. If I could have brought in Burton Reach it might, perhaps, have gone easier with me, but I felt myself unable to lead up gradually to the subject.

"She is not out, I suppose?"

"No, she has not gone out."

And then Mamma allowed a pause. I had come so full of hopeful love, and had been altogether too abrupt, and now I felt stranded, out of tune, and imbecile. I had better take my hat,

and make my escape. I was thinking what I should say next, when I walked Lady Anne.

"I am so glad to see you," said I, starting up as she entered.

"I felt so much better, Mamma, that I thought I would come down," said her ladyship, looking, as I thought, recklessly into her mother's troubled face.

What was poor Mamma to do? I was sorry for her, which was good-natured on my part, for she had not sympathised with me. She began to talk in a vague way on politics, and asked my opinion on the great Tichborne trial. I said at first I really believed the Claimant was the right man, and then that I thought him an arrant impostor, and again I was quite willing to be converted either way. In fact, I was absorbed and perplexed at the changes in Lady Anne's fair face. How she flushed and paled by turns! A soothing sense of complacency began to steal over me. I sat further into my chair, and played with a paper-knife, which provokingly snapt in two. I put the ends of it in my pocket, meaning, not to have it mended, but to keep it as a memento, and present Lady Anne with a magnificent new one. Should I—or should I not, rather—punish Lady Trevelyan, and not look near them for a month? Lady Anne with a headache is not so beautiful as Lady Anne without one, though her looks touched me with a strange thrill. There are dark circles round her eyes, and the roses on her lips have vanished. I see how it is: Mamma thinks her swan can do better, but her ladyship remembers our childhood together, or has perhaps thought over Burton Reach; or no doubt Dunsey has told her about the commonplace-book, for a sure way of touching a girl's heart is to make love to the baby of the house. After our first greeting was over she sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa. All her ease of manner had deserted her; when she spoke she addressed herself to her mother in a soft, anxious, conciliatory manner.

"It is four o'clock, Mamma," she said once, in an apologetic way.

I thought of adding that "there were milestones on the Dover road," but as Lady Trevelyan was looking severely at me I refrained.

Two minutes after four another visitor was announced—Mr. Dobinson, an old chum of mine; that is to say, we were at college together, and, if I remember rightly, I rather avoided a very close acquaintance with him, which, I must own, he never thrust upon me. It was not because I did not like the man, but simply that he was poor, plodding, and provincial. We shook hands warmly, however, and I asked him (as I always do) if he had seen Leslie lately, and he replied, as usual, "Not very lately." He looked surprised, amused, and—pitiful.

"I am glad to see you have taken up the Education Question," said Lady Trevelyan, pointing to a magazine on the table. "Your article greatly interested me; you come down with 'such prompt cheery thud of glove on ground.'"

"I am very glad you like it; you rarely give me praise."

"Nonsense," returned she, "praise is the last thing you care about."

"Not from you," he answered, giving her a quick, grateful look.

And then in the most objectionably deliberate manner the monster set to poking the fire. I seized the coal-box, and he gave way instantly, leaving the stoking to me.

"How is the head?" he asked, abruptly, turning to Lady Anne, as if he had only then noticed her presence.

"Better," she answered, smilingly, and then began to talk in her low treble to me.

He turned again to the fire, with a patient, complacent air that irritated me. He is one of those men who never speak unless they have something to say, an idiosyncrasy which, in general society, is embarrassing, to say the least of it. I, on the contrary, am valiant in throwing myself headlong into all breaches; to me a silence is oppressive, to him it is a pleasant breathing space, a restful, dreamy interim.

"My paper-knife," said Lady Anne, holding out her hand for it, pleadingly.

"It is broken," I said.

"Never mind, it is all the same to me," still holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," I said, taking it tenderly in mine. She looked unhappy. "I will bring the knife back to-morrow." Still she looked dissatisfied. "Are you very angry with me for breaking it?"

"Very angry," she answered, blushing and smiling.

"*A demain*," I said, looking into her eyes.

"*Au revoir*," she replied, a little impatiently.

Lady Trevelyan came with me into the hall, and then went upstairs. I found I had forgotten my glove, so went back for it into the drawing-room. In the firelight stood George Dobinson and Lady Anne. Her head was resting on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist. "My own darling Annie," he was saying, in a low, caressing voice. He turned round as I entered, shielding her from my view, with a sunny smile illuminating the plain features of his face. So great was the transfiguration that I hardly recognized him as the same man who had stirred the fire in such a dull, business-like way. I could have borne my disappointment better, I think, if my sudden appearance had startled or frightened him.

"I beg pardon," I said, "I came for my glove," and drew back without looking for it.

"Found it, sir?" asked the man, with a simper, as he opened the door for me.

"All right," I said, trying to look unconcerned.

So that bright ray of sunshine is all for him—for George Dobinson! To think of such a beautiful creature throwing herself away on a quixotic Radical, an embryo revolutionist, a Jack-of-all-trades! He writes scrap articles, goes in for new railroads in far countries, for future sea-tunnellings, is in the tea trade, and is always losing money in the barque *Betsy Jane*, or the wheal Mary Anne. Oh, Lady Anne! Lady Anne! how you have thrown away your cards! You had the game all in your own hands, and you have crowned

Dobinson and checkmated me! Why, it is like your chess-playing—you don't know the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. With your beauty and your grace, and that tender, humorous flashing of your blue-grey eyes, you might have married anyone—you might have married *me*. Well, thank heaven, I am a modest man, and Dobinson is decidedly pushing—though I must admit that the few who know him intimately would entirely refute such an insinuation, and would enlarge upon his simple, self-forgetful life. He is one of those who will stop in the race for wealth to lend a hand to a friend in need—who will pour in oil and wine to those lying fallen and wounded by the roadside, silently, as one who does not let his right hand know what his left hand doeth. Of course, if I were in distress, I should go at once to George Dobinson; but then I am not in distress, and have a sensitive horror of being waylaid by a man who walks about town in a wideawake and a worn coat.

On returning home from my club, I found my lost glove, and a note of invitation to dinner from my rival. As I wound up my watch at night, I remembered the paper-cutter in my waistcoat pocket—a tortoiseshell one, with a raised monogram on it: wound about in white and blue were the letters A. T. and G. D. I had the two ends riveted together, and sent, with a bouquet of white roses, to Lady Anne.

CHAPTER III.

"I choose her for myself;
If she and I are pleased,
What's that to you?"

"Comment, disait-il,
Sans philtre subtil
Enchantez les belles?
Aimez, disait-elle."

A GREAT grief has fallen upon the Trevelyan family: Cissy's betrothed has died. He was recovering from fever, and getting on well, when a sudden relapse came, from which he rallied for a time, then lost strength, and

sank slowly out of life, with Cissy's hand in his, and her name upon his lips.

"She makes no complaint," said Lady Trevelyan to me, when I called to inquire; "she sheds no tears, but her life seems to have ebbed with his life; she is but a shadow of her former self."

I met Dunsey in the Gardens, rolling her hoop as if for dear life, round and round the blackened elm-tree boles. Nurse was vainly endeavouring to keep pace with her.

"How are you, Dunsey?" I asked, through the railings.

"I'm quite well, but Cissy—Cissy!"—and the child pulled out a damp ball of a handkerchief to apply to her tear-stained little face, and then attacked her hoop again, seemingly bent on accomplishing some self-imposed penance.

"We are but sadly, Master Vincent," said Nurse, covering Dunsey's retreat. "It was a great shock to us; he had been going on so well, and the wedding-day was fixed. She feels stunned now and dazed; the worst is yet to come."

"Let us hope, Nurse, she will bear up."

"Bear up, indeed! what I want is for her to break down—it would be more natural like. She is one of those who bear up a great deal too much."

I had not known Cissy's *fiancé*, but this sorrow which had come to the Trevelyan seemed to bridge over the chasm of years, and the old feeling of loyal affection that I had for them all as a boy, came back again in full force. I forgot my private vexations, and recovered, as other men recover, from my first disappointment in love, determining not to singe my wings again in a hurry.

In fact there is now no temptation for such self-martyrdom. Lady Anne has flown from the nest, Dunsey is at school, and Cissy never appears to recognize me as a distinct fact, though I am her mother's right hand, used and abused by her as a petted eldest son. Silver hairs have mixed themselves among Cissy's brown curls, and her form and face seem to have shrunk in size. She

spends a great deal of her time among the poor. I, who would fain avoid the poor, find it very easy and convenient to do my charity through her. She gives me a written account of what she spends, and is very business-like and clear-headed—admirable qualities in woman, otherwise it might become a dangerous pastime, this balancing of accounts.

I have heard to-day that Dunsey is coming home from her school in Germany. She and I have kept up a regular correspondence; her writing is still scratchy, and her spelling at times original, but notwithstanding these grave faults her letters are charming. She treats me like "an old religious uncle." I am not sure whether I like it, or not; but at present perhaps it is best to keep her to it. Begin by making her respect me, and then work up gently. Yes, in every way it is safest, for a charming letter-writer may turn out disappointing in other respects.

To-night I am to dine at the Trevellyans'; the Dobinsons are to be there, and Charlie Blake and I are asked to meet the young lady.

Of course Charlie left Rugby before attaining the sixth form, and, as a sequence, was ignominiously plucked at Oxford. He has, unfortunately for him, no rich uncle in the background, and is now eating his slow dinners at the Temple with what appetite he may.

I have returned after a very pleasant evening, and am duly fascinated. Dunsey has grown into a fine young woman, with a frank face, a soft voice, a winning manner, and a thrilling laugh. She has a slight lisp, of which she is uncomfortably conscious. (I shall tell her some day that she would be nothing without it.) There is an eager, graceful awkwardness about her that is strangely attractive. She took my two hands in hers, and thanked me for all I had done for her—for my admonitions, instructions, and good advice.

"It was so good of you," she said, lifting up her soft blue eyes gratefully to mine.

"You have a great deal to learn yet," I said, bewitched.

"Indeed, I have," she echoed, in a melancholy way.

As I held her hand in mine, I pondered within myself whether it would not be well to drop at once the character of "religious uncle." Since I have returned home I have arrived at the calm conclusion that in a year or two Dunsey will be perfect; there is too much of the school-girl about her at present—her health is perhaps a little too rude. I wonder if I should recommend Lady Trevelyan to send her for a year to Paris. Let me see—Dunsey in Paris—ah, no, how completely it would tarnish her freshness. Who knows, some day I may take her there myself, and show her all the wonders of it for the first time.

She and Charlie had evidently very little to say to one another. I noticed that he got bullied more or less by the whole family; even the kind-hearted Dobinson snubbed him, but at the same time has succeeded in obtaining for him some pretty stiff work to occupy his leisure hours, for which the poor boy seems astonishingly grateful.

Some days after this family gathering, I wrote to Dunsey, inviting them all to the opera.

"May Charlie come too?" she asked, in her shaky, shocking handwriting.

"No room," I answered, laconically, on a postal card.

Charlie called at my club an hour afterwards. "Look here, old fellow," he said, taking me by the button-hole, in an eager, enthusiastic way; "I want you to come after the opera to supper at my rooms."

"I can't possibly do that."

"The Trevellyans are to be there."

"In that case, of course I shall come," I said, as if I were an inevitable brother, whose duty was to be ever on guard.

"That's right," cried he, giving me a little tap on the back. "I shall be in the pit," he went on, "where I can see you, and I shall have a brougham waiting for Dunsey at the corner of the

street, and will leave you the care of the rest of the party."

"Thank you; is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked, laughing sarcastically.

"Dunsey and I are engaged, you know," said he, in a grave, explanatory tone.

I looked aghast.

"I did the deed in Germany—went over on purpose; it has been a long affair on my side. All my schoolbooks are marked with her initials."

My first impulse was to box his ears soundly for him; but as I looked into his good young face, I changed my mind, and ended by congratulating him, asking, in the usual way, how it all happened.

"Well," he began, delighted at the prospect of talking uninterruptedly, "it was not all plain sailing, as you may believe."

"Of course not," said I; "the course of true love never did, &c."

"It was not exactly that—we have never had a quarrel; but, you know, when I arrived at her school we sat on two chairs opposite each other, with a governess dividing us, and conversed about the weather, and the wealth of the German language. Imagine such a position! I asked if I might take her out for a walk. Of course not—unheard-of proposition. I said I was a friend of the family, a near relation, an inspector of schools, a Government official, a person of importance—all to no purpose. I telegraphed to Lady Trevelyan, 'May I take her for a walk?' Permission granted. The next day I again besieged the convent walls, armed with my telegram, and we sallied forth triumphantly. Ah, what a day it was, all sunshine and breeze, with the bluest of skies, and the greenest of grass. Dunsey's first thought, however, was to make for a *speise haus*, and I can tell you I was proud of the amount she ate.

"I awake so hungry," she said, filling her pockets with the remnants of our repast. And then we sat under the trees, and listened to the band, and

afterwards set off running down a hill, into a pine wood, where we shouted and laughed at the pitch of our voices. When she was completely exhausted, I made my proposal, and we returned to the convent in the twilight.

"You have been a preposterously long walk," exclaimed the lady of the establishment; but Dunsey fell upon her neck, and kissing her, asked her if it was not the very first time she had ever been naughty. The good lady relented, but expressed a hope that my visit would not be repeated."

As Charlie stopped speaking, I became conscious that my mind had wandered a little during the latter part of his narrative. In fact, I was wishing I too had gone to visit Dunsey's school, while making a summer tour through Germany; I was close to the place, and did think of her, but decided in favour of a young Russian bride, whose luggage was booked for a more picturesque and convenient resting-place.

"I proposed in a most original manner," finished Charlie, turning knowingly on his heel.

Men in love are certainly very ridiculous. Of course he meant me to ask him how he did it, but I was feeling depressed, and did not in the least care to hear. Why should I be listening, like a family lawyer, to this young fellow's love story? And why should I remark that I thought Dunsey far too young to know her own mind?

Charlie fired up at once: "I don't at all agree with you; a girl is never too young to know that."

"Well, well," I said, good-naturedly, "the upshot of it all is, I suppose, that I am to take care of the old people, while you look after the young one?"

"If you would not mind," said Charlie, looking up as if he would like to kiss me.

"I am only sorry my opera-box is so small. But I can change places with you part of the time," I added, as I bade him adieu, feeling that I was indeed a religious uncle, and worthy to be canonized as a saint. Lady Trevelyan thinks differently however, for when I asked

her how it is I am not, as other men are, lucky in love, she laughed a little scornfully, and said I had a great deal to learn yet.

"You must begin by loving, you know."

"But surely I am ready."

"You must be more than that," she said, with bland decision.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing of it,—
Stood unexpected, unconscious."

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

As I pondered over Lady Trevelyan's words, I wondered if she meant anything particular—if, in fact, she was thinking of her daughter Cissy. Now I confess I have never for a moment thought of Cissy. We are very good friends, simply that, and nothing more. I would do anything for Lady Trevelyan; I would do a great deal for Miss Trevelyan, for I like and reverence her, only I cannot imagine her the lady of Burton Reach. However, it is, I know, an immense thing to be mated to a thoroughly good woman, for in this world a good woman is as difficult to find as a good man. Most of us want to be good, and some of us try to be good, "but hard, hard, hard is it only not to tumble." Weighted with these reflections, I was making my way home to my dreary, dusty, musty lodgings, taking a short cut through a by-street, in the gloom of the evening, when I came upon the subject of my meditations. Cissy Trevelyan was walking alone, dressed in sombre grey, with a little basket on her arm, and her skirt tucked up over her delicate little ankles. She had paused before an open coach-house door, where a ragged little urchin was sitting on the edge of a barrow, with a baby on his knee; the boy's curly head was bent over the little one, kissing its rosy cheeks with all a child's passionate lovingness. Cissy stood still to watch them for a moment; her

pale cheeks had flushed. I saw that her eyes were full of tears; they were not speaking eyes, like Lady Anne's, nor were they the azure blue of Dunsey's, but as they met mine, a little startled, there came upon me a profound and tender compassion for this young girl, the strong current of whose love had been so suddenly checked. I felt it would be good for me even to be second in her affections. I was ready at that moment to give up all my brightest dreams of life, all my worldly aspirations, all my selfish ways and moods, if by so doing I could lighten the burden of her life.

"Don't you get very tired of this sort of thing?" I asked, drawing her hand within my arm.

"Tired of what sort of thing?" she asked.

"Tired of being with low, vulgar people, and seeing nothing but want and wretchedness."

"Because they are poor, they need not necessarily be low and vulgar; it seems to me that they lead much more unselfish lives than the rich do—lives dedicated to others. We cumber ourselves with artificial duties, and waste the strength and the sympathy that might be more practically given to help our fellow-beings."

"You surely would not have us all turn district visitors?" I asked, in a tragic tone.

Cissy laughed low and musically.

"Don't be frightened; I certainly should not elect you one; it is not only those who live in crowded courts, or back alleys, that need sympathy, help, and encouragement. We are far too apt to overlook the 'poor in spirit,' and occupy ourselves with more tangible, more interesting difficulties."

"Yes, that is true; I always feel as if it would be easier to me to plunge into deep water to save a person from drowning, or lead victoriously a charge of cavalry on to certain death, than to perform the monotonous round of little daily self-sacrifices that don't seem to tell either in this world or the world to come."

"Hush," said Cissy, "don't talk nonsense; you are now doing yourself injustice."

"I will take you a new way home," I said, meaning to make a little circuit. I was feeling wonderfully happy and light-hearted; it was the first time Cissy had ever told me that I had done myself injustice. I had momentary flashing visions—not of walking with her through the exhausted evening atmosphere of the London streets, but of riding with her through the wash of air on the Roman Campagna, or sitting by her side under the canopy of a Venetian gondola, while gliding through a straight streak of moonlight; or, more comfortable and convenient still, getting my uncle to lend us Barton Reach for a month, with the option of staying on two months if—if we did not get very tired of it.

"I am quite convinced that you are working too hard—that you are wearing yourself out, Cissy," I said, feeling that we were nearing home, and that I was wasting the time in dreaming.

"No, I am not; people only wear out when they have nothing to do."

"Nonsense, my dear; men drop down daily from overwork."

"Well, we can only die once, and surely it is good to die in harness."

"But does this work make you happy?"

"Happiness is not what I expect, though it comes sometimes when one least looks for it, that is to say, peace comes; the only true happiness is to utilize oneself, and not to save oneself for the life to come."

"But you have known other happiness?"

"Yes, and I have had to pay very dearly for it, as one does for great joys. When our own hearts have been rent it is then we can fully realize all the unalleviated, unspoken misery there is in the world: I mean, how many there are who have to work out the long days in shadow instead of sunshine."

There was a long pause, and then I said—

"Cissy, I would like to make you

happy; I could forget all that has gone before, if you could love me and be my wife."

"Your wife!" she said, turning pale.

"Yes, my wife."

"How can you," she cried, in a low, unsteady voice, "forget the past? Do you not know that I am his—his—his; that he is constantly near to me; that he is dearer, far dearer to me than ever; that all that I attempt to do, or dream of doing, is through the might of my love for him?"

"Forgive me, Cissy," I said, looking down with kindling admiration into her sweet, sorrowful little face.

"Ah, forgive me," she went on, once more placing her tremulous little hand within my arm; "you have been such a good friend to me, do not let us quarrel. We will forget all this, and let it be as though we had not spoken; I shall never leave Mamma and Papa."

"But you would have left them for him?"

"Yes, I would have left mother and father, all and everything, for his sake. A woman can do that for one, and for one only, once in a lifetime, but it is too difficult a thing for me to do twice; it is impossible when one has loved once, as I have loved, ever to do so again—it would be mere imitation of the reality that is no more."

We were at her door—she did not ask me in; but as she went upstairs I passed into the drawing-room. I found Lady Trevelyan sitting idly in the fire-light, waiting for her husband. As I came in she turned round quickly, letting her fire-screen fall from her hands, with the happy expectant smile of a young girl. "Ah, is it you?" she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I thought it was Papa!"

"I walked home with Cissy," I said.

"That was very good of your lordship."

"Don't laugh at me, Lady Trevelyan, I am miserable; I made a fool of myself, and Cissy has refused me."

"Now, Vincent, how could you do such a silly, senseless thing?"

"I don't see why it should be such a silly, senseless thing."

"Why, you neither of you are the least in love."

"I reverence her more than any woman I know."

"L'amitié est une froide compagne pour aider à supporter les maux immenses que l'amour a fait accepter."

"Don't quote French to me," I said, in an irritated tone.

Lady Trevelyan rose up, and, laying her fair soft hands soothingly on my shoulders, kissed me, as a mother kisses her spoiled child.

"I wish I had another daughter for you," she said.

"If you had she would not take me."

"She certainly would not take you if she did not care for you."

"But why should she not care for me?"

"Why *should* she care for you?"

"Because—because—well, I am not a bad man; I should be very good to her."

"You are certainly not a bad man, and would, no doubt, be very good to your wife; but these not uncommon qualifications will never alone obtain for you the love of a woman who would make life a blessing to you."

"You are very hard upon me."

"And yet it is true what I say of you—take as example your love for Cissy."

"Yes," I eagerly interrupted, "take that as an example. Am I not willing to lay all my worldly goods at her feet, look over what has passed, and dedicate myself to her happiness?"

"That was not the way the Judge wooed and won me."

"I don't pretend to know what the bygone ways of wooing and winning were."

"I can remember, because they were so simple. A man in love did not express himself *willing* to lay his worldly goods at the feet of his chosen lady; nor did he enlarge upon the self-sacrifice of his personal dedication to her future happiness—he asked only the rich reward of her love in return for his own."

"Cissy and I might have grown into all that in time; why should you throw me over before testing me—trying me, at any rate?"

"We have known you all your life, Vincent——"

"That means to say that you *have* tested me," I interrupted in a sombre tone.

"Love—true love—does not come easily," went on Lady Trevelyan, unheeding my interruption; "there is always suffering, but the suffering is easy to bear, if the love that lightens it is real and not imaginary."

My reply was checked by the entrance of the Judge.

"You are the very man I want," he said, as he gave me a hearty handshake. "Stay and dine with us, and then give me your help with these papers."

"Not this evening," I objected, looking from the papers towards Lady Trevelyan with unhappy eyes.

"Stay and help the Judge," said her ladyship, in her low, mild tone of authority. And so, of course, I obeyed. Cissy did not seem in the least surprised to see me again. She behaved perfectly; and I was far happier beside her than I would have been brooding by myself over my unlucky star. The Judge and I remained up until the small hours.

"I am quite ashamed of myself for making use of you in this way," said he, yawning wearily when our work was finished.

"I am so glad to be of use to you," I replied, sorry that my part of it was over, for with it everything seemed over for me.

"Cissy said we should find some refreshments in the other room," he went on, rising and stretching himself; "come, let us see what is prepared for us."

A bright cheering fire blazed in the dining-room, and a shaded lamp stood in the centre of the dinner-table, upon which were placed various dishes of delicate meats, and bottles of the choicest wines. "We deserve this, don't we?" said the Judge, rubbing his hands. And then he went on to tell his best

stories, his varied experiences, his youthful struggles and successes. "Ay, ay! youth is *the* time, if we only knew it," he said. "You have it all before you—everything to come—how I envy you!"

"I suppose in old age we forget all our disappointments," I said, a little drearily.

"It is perhaps the disappointments of youth that make the ripeness of old age," were the last words of the Judge, as he shut me out into the misty morning air.

So I am still a bachelor, and likely to remain one, unless Cissy relents. Lady Anne has taught her children to call me Uncle; and although I have entirely ceased to take the same interest as formerly in Dunsey's intellectual development, she has nevertheless made me godfather to her son and heir. The godmother is Cissy. My uncle has died, and, in a sudden freak of old age, has made Tom his sole inheritor; he and Polly have accordingly left Australia, and are established at Burton Reach, where they have made themselves very popular in the neighbourhood. I often go and stay there from Saturday to Monday, and am received by Polly as if I were the Prince of Wales.

"I don't think any other man but yourself would have borne such a disappointment in so sweet a way," said Polly to me one day.

"What do you mean?" I asked, wondering how she could have heard of Cissy.

"Why, Tom and me coming into all the money!"

"I am rather glad than otherwise," I answered, indifferently.

"I daresay you have had worse troubles," went on Polly, looking up at me sympathisingly with her kind, shrewd eyes; "I hope you are not fretting about a woman."

"Yes, I am, Polly."

"And she won't take you because you've lost the money!—if that is the case, you are well rid of her," said my little sister, flushing in her quick way.

"That is not the case, however; I proposed to her long ago."

"Did you now?" said Polly, calming down. "Well, if I were you I would ask her again—women are so queer. I should not wonder if she took you, now that you have no expectations."

"I have given up all hope."

"Never give up hope!—try again," said Polly.

M. C.

LA ROQUETTE, 24TH MAY, 1871.

It would have been difficult to have imagined a scene more suggestive of gaiety and pleasure and light-hearted *insouciance*, than that which surrounded me on a certain afternoon in last September, as I drove through the crowded streets of beautiful Paris.

There was a deep blue sky, stainless and serene, with glorious sunshine flooding the broad Boulevards, glittering on the golden dome of the Invalides, and transmuting the sparkling Seine into a river of light. As yet untinted by autumn, the luxuriant trees in the now open garden hid the scorched windows of the Tuileries, and gathered beneath their shade many a merry group, who had assembled to hear the bands of music stationed there,—thousands more strolling in the Champs Elysées enjoyed the manifold amusements offered to them on every side, as if life had not a care or a regret, while the crowds in the streets seemed to have no weightier occupation than to admire the treasures of art and luxury displayed behind the flashing plate glass of the shop windows. It was hard to believe that this was the city which, but a year and a half before, had been steeped in blood and wrapped in flame, or these the people who had passed through the wasting horrors of the siege and the darker terrors of the Commune: yet through the midst of this gay and pleasant scene, I was hastening on to that which may be considered as the representative centre of all the woes that marked France's *année douloureuse*, the ghastly spot where her bleeding tortured capital endured the very heart-pang of her long agony. One could but imagine that her strange light-hearted children had altogether forgotten what that building was, which I soon saw rising up grim and menacing before me, or remembered it

only with the uneasy shame of wounded vanity which made them seek to ignore and repudiate the terrible past.

Some indication of this feeling there was in the look and bearing of our coachman, when the gentleman who accompanied me gave him the order to drive us to our destination: there was no alert response, polite and smiling after the manner of Frenchmen, but in silence he stared straight before him, with so impassible a look that my friend imagined that he had not understood his direction.

"Did you hear where I wished you to go?" he asked.

"I heard you well enough," the man answered; and while we still waited, uncertain if he really comprehended, he muttered with a dark frown, "You told me to go to La Roquette;" and then did not speak another word throughout the whole long distance to and fro.

The prison of La Roquette is divided by the street of the same name into two distinct portions: that on the left, leading from the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise, is entirely given up to the "*jeunes détenus*," great numbers of whom are incarcerated there; while the part on the other side, at the gate of which we alighted, bears the sinister name of the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

It has, in truth, always been the receptacle of those condemned to death, and criminals are guillotined in the open space in front of the great entrance,—Troppman, who murdered the family at Pantin, having been the last to undergo the sentence; but it is also the place of punishment for those who are convicted of the gravest crimes, even if they have escaped the extreme penalty.

It is not now by any means an easy matter to obtain leave to visit the *Dépôt des Condamnés*. The event which has

for ever branded the name of La Roquette with infamy, has so powerful an influence in a thousand different ways on the passions of the people, that it is with great reluctance the authorities ever allow the fatal recollection of the 24th of May, 1871, to be aroused by visitors to the scene of that day's terrible tragedy. An order of admission can only be given by the Minister of the Interior, but at the request of one of the foreign ambassadors I obtained one, which, however, though asked in my name, was made out in his, so that he was obliged to accompany me himself to the prison. Notwithstanding that we were furnished with this important-looking official document, my friend felt somewhat doubtful whether I should succeed in my object, which was to visit the scenes of the last sufferings of the Archbishop of Paris—for unless the officers of the gaol discovered my purpose of their own accord, he did not see how it would be possible for us to allude in the presence of Frenchmen to that which must always be so bitter and shameful a memory for France.

The coachman stopped at some little distance from the gate, and we did not ask him to draw nearer, but walked on to the *conciergerie* which divided the outer from the inner entrance. The porter looked at our order of admission in grim silence, and opening a side door in his own lodge, he pointed across a large courtyard paved with stone, and told us we should find Monsieur le Directeur at the door of the prison itself, which was placed at the end of it.

A flight of steps led to a wide portico, and there in the shade sat a tall stout man talking to several of the officials who were standing round him. One of them at once named him as the Director. He, too, read the order in silence, and then, rising, asked us to follow him. We passed through a room apparently intended for the use of the *gardiens* or turnkeys, beyond which was a passage leading into the interior of the building, but separated from it by a huge door in which was a *guichet*. Here an official stood, who appeared to be only

second in importance to the Director himself, for he showed him the order, and then said, pointing to my companion—

"You will take Son Excellence wherever he wishes to go through the prison, but Madame, you are aware, cannot be allowed to see the convicts."

"It was precisely to accompany the lady that I came," said my friend; "can she not visit some part of the prison at least?"

"What is it she wishes to see?" asked the Director abruptly—which question produced the unusual sight of a diplomatist at fault. Son Excellence hesitated, smiled benignly, and looked at me.

"I do not in the least care to see the prisoners," I said.

"What, then?" said the Director.

"If, perhaps," said my companion, in a very insinuating tone, "the cell where the Archbishop—"

The Director interrupted him: "I understand—that is possible. If Madame will wait in the *gardiens'* room while you visit the prisoners, we will see what can be done when you return."

Son Excellence had not the smallest desire to see the prisoners, but expressed the highest satisfaction in the prospect, and departed with the head *gardien* while I went back into the turnkeys' room with one of the officials, who brought forward the only easy-chair the place contained for my accommodation. He was a middle-aged man, with keen black eyes, and a rather fine face. He remarked civilly, as I sat down, that he was sorry on my account that ladies were not allowed to visit the prisoners.

"What harm are we supposed to do them?" I asked.

"You would not hurt them," he said, with a smile, "but the convicts here are the very lowest of criminals, and they are so utterly brutish, that they could not be trusted to conduct themselves properly in your presence. *Tenez*," he added, "you can judge for yourself;" and opening the *guichet* in the door, he made me a sign to look through it. I

did so, and saw a large open courtyard with a fountain in the middle, where at least a hundred convicts were passing their brief time of recreation; and I must own that I never in my life before saw such an assemblage of villanous-looking men, whose whole appearance indicated that they belonged to the lowest type of humanity. Unaware as they were that they were being observed, the men's gestures and language were so revolting that I hurried away at once, and the turnkey closed the *guichet* and followed me back into the room.

He seemed well disposed to converse, and I asked him if he had been at La Roquette during the siege.

"Through the whole of it," he answered, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And during the Commune also?"

He turned round and said quickly, "Madame est Française?"

"No, I am English, but I am *Française de cœur*—you understand?"

"Perfectly," he answered, nodding his head. "Well, then, Madame, I was indeed here during the Commune, and I remained—yes, I remained till——"

"Until the end?" I said.

"Till seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May," he answered, turning vehemently towards me; "and then, when I saw them loading their rifles to shoot that good, that defenceless old man, I could bear it no longer—*je me suis sauvé*. I fled out of La Roquette at the risk of my life. If they had caught me, they would have shot me too; but I was within these walls all the time Monseigneur was here. I saw how they treated him and the unfortunate men who were with him. I could not help him, of course—*mais c'était infame!* I never thought to the last they would kill him, but when I did actually hear the order given—ah! it was too much!" The turnkey said all this with the greatest rapidity, as if with a sense of relief in telling what he had felt; but just at that moment the Director came into the room, whereupon in an instant my friend was standing up erect, with his back to me, looking as if

he were not aware that I was present at all, whilst a quick glance towards me, as he turned away, showed me that he wished me to look equally unconscious of his vicinity. The Director glanced round, and then went out again, apparently having had no other purpose but to see what I was doing. As soon as he had gone well out of sight and hearing, the turnkey came back, and, standing before me, began to pour out a history of all he had done and said during that fatal week of May, with a vehemence of voice and gesture which no words can reproduce. I asked him when he returned to La Roquette after his flight, and he answered, not till the Sunday following the Wednesday on which the Archbishop was murdered; not till all was over, and the Versailles in full possession of the city, with all its prisons and palaces. In the interval he had gone to Montmartre, and had witnessed the last desperate resistance of the Communists there, and afterwards in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

"It was like hell upon earth," he said, "as the shot and shell rained down upon the people whose frenzy of excitement made them court death in the streets. They were *broyés*, Madame, and men and women alike used the last energies of life, even as they expired, in hurling back destruction on their foes—their foes! who were children of France like themselves, their countrymen, their brothers!" As he spoke, the very vigour and earnestness of his description made it impossible to note all he said, but at the moment he brought before my eyes such a picture of the horrors of the Commune, as I could not even have imagined before.

"May Paris never know such a time again!" I said.

"Ah, Madame!" he answered, "*La France est malade*, ill with a chronic malady; and, like a sick person, she requires to be bled from time to time every twenty years or so; but they bleed her at the heart, they bleed Paris, and she will require it again—*Donnez-moi* that I do not live to see it! *mon Dieu!* He was all quivering with excitement

as he spoke—but suddenly he subsided into his official stiffness and composure when he saw the head *gardien* appear along with my friend. They had come to take me to that portion of the prison which had been inhabited by Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, and his companions in death, and which, it seemed, was under the exclusive care of this superior officer. He was a tall, grey-haired old man, with a thoughtful, rather melancholy expression of face; and a few words which he casually dropped as he led the way, showed me that it would depend entirely on his will how much or how little we saw, and also that to him the murdered Archbishop had been an object of the deepest veneration and respect.

During my rather lengthened stay in Paris I had become aware, that amid the chaos of conflicting ideas which makes up the sum of public opinion at the present juncture, the one subject on which popular feeling differs most widely is the fate of Monseigneur Darboy. There is a deeply-rooted impression amongst the lower classes that the Archbishop concealed immense stores of provisions during the whole of the siege, on purpose that the poor might be starved. It is hardly necessary to say how utterly false is this accusation against a charitable and gentle old man; but the assertion has been repeatedly made to myself, by persons of humble station, with a vehemence which brooked no contradiction, and its almost universal acceptance amongst them is perfectly well known: the obvious inference drawn by them is, that his dreadful death is a just and right retribution; while on the other hand, all the more respectable classes who adhere to the Church believe, that living, he was a true father to his people, and in death a martyr and a saint.

I soon saw that the head *gardien* was one of these last, and that any reluctance he might feel in showing us the scenes of the massacre, would be from the fear that these "*lieux saints*," as he called them, might be profaned by indifferent or hostile spectators. It was not diffi-

cult, therefore, to satisfy him completely on this score as regarded ourselves; and in answer to my petition that he would not exclude me from any part of the prison connected with the terrible tragedy, he turned towards me and said emphatically, "Madame, to you I will gladly show everything without the smallest reserve, for I see that you will respect the memory of the holy dead; you shall go over every inch of ground where Monseigneur trod, from the moment he entered the prison till he departed from this world altogether; and I will tell you every circumstance of the forty-eight hours he passed within those walls:" and he did so, with a minuteness of detail which, joined to the sight of the actual localities, made me almost feel as if I had myself followed the steps of the victims and their murderers, even to the end. The *gardien* took us first into a room on the ground-floor, where, he said, ordinary criminals condemned to the guillotine made their "*toilette de mort*," interpreting the ghastly term by saying that their hair had to be cut, and their upper clothes removed, and he instanced Troppman as the last who had been so "dressed" in this room; but when I asked if Monseigneur had been brought here, he shook his head, and said they gave him no time for preparation of any kind. Then we went up a wide stone staircase, at the top of which was an immense dormitory for the prisoners at present under sentence. The beds were placed close together, with arrangements for a complete system of surveillance, by means of *guichets* in the partitions which divided them from the officers' rooms.

"I wish you to look at these beds," said the *gardien*, "used by the worst *canaille* of Paris, that you may note the difference when you see what was provided for Monseigneur."

They were excellent beds, far more comfortable than those given to our prisoners in England—consisting of a high spring mattress over which was one of flock, with good sheets, blankets, and pillows; they were perfectly clean,

and the *gardien* said the linen was constantly changed.

"The convicts are better lodged than our soldiers," he added, "but now, Madame, will you pass into this corridor? It was here that Monseigneur was brought at once on his arrival from the prison of Mazas on the 22nd of May, 1871."

The near approach of the army of Versailles on the evening of that day had decided the authorities of the Commune to proceed to the murder of the hostages, and the whole number, most of whom were priests, were conveyed for that purpose from the Mazas, where they had been confined for some weeks, to the *Dépôt des Condamnés*.

Although the entire period of their imprisonment had been spent under the same roof, the hostages had never met till the moment when, on this evening, they were thrust, in parties of twenty and thirty, into the great open waggons belonging to the Lyons Railway, which had been brought to convey them to La Roquette, and in which they were exposed to the full view of the crowd. Some of them belonged to the same religious house—that of the Jesuits, Rue de Sèvres; many had been friends, and to all at least the Archbishop was known: but although they pressed each other's hands with mournful significance, it is said that no word was spoken amongst them during their course through the insurgent quarters of the Faubourg St. Antoine and La Bastille, where the frenzied populace followed them with the coarsest insults and menaces, excepting once, when one of the priests bent forward to the Archbishop, and pointing to the crowd said, "*Hélas! Monseigneur, voilà donc votre peuple!*"

Night had fallen when they arrived at La Roquette, and a brigadier carrying a lantern conducted them into the part of the prison where we now stood. It was a wide corridor, with long rows of cells on either side, and on the left hand a space in the centre was left vacant to admit of a window giving light to the whole; at the end was a corkscrew stair leading down to the

outer court. The prisoners were immediately thrust into the cells, one by one, and left there for the night in pitch darkness, so that they did not know till next morning what sort of a place they were in.

"This was the cell occupied by Monseigneur on that night," said the *gardien*; and he opened the first door to the right and told me to go in. There was literally scarcely room for more than one person in the small narrow den into which I entered, and it contained nothing whatever but one wretched little bed, infinitely less comfortable in every way than those we had seen in the large dormitory. "But," I was told, "none who ever entered here had need of furniture, or would be likely to find rest on even the most luxurious couch, for those only passed this threshold who knew that the executioner was awaiting them, and that their grave was already dug."

This cell was separated from the one next to it by a partition, which divided in two the small window that gave light to both. The *gardien* told me to go up close to that part of the window which was in the Archbishop's cell, and, going into the next himself, he showed me that it was possible for the prisoners respectively occupying them to converse together, and even to touch each other's hands—as there was a space of a few inches left between the end of the partition and the panes of glass. The *gardien* then told me that Monsieur Bonjean, President de la Cour de Cassation, had been imprisoned in the second, and when it was discovered that Monseigneur and he were holding communication together, the Archbishop was at once removed to a place of stricter confinement, which should be shown to me at the other end of the corridor. He remained four-and-twenty hours in the cell where I stood—from the evening of the 22nd to that of the 23rd. On the morning of this latter day the prisoners had been allowed to go down for half an hour into what is called the "*premier chemin de ronde*"—that is, the first of two narrow stone-paved court-

yards which surround La Roquette on three sides, and are separated from each other and from the outer world by very high walls. The Archbishop, however, felt too weak and ill to avail himself of the permission, and spent the greater part of the day lying in a half fainting state on his miserable bed. In addition to his other sufferings, he was starving of hunger, for the Commune had been driven back by the army of Versailles into the eleventh arrondissement, where alone therefore they were in power; and the supply of food being very scanty, the hostages were, of course, the last for whom they cared to provide. One of the Jesuit priests, Père Olivaint, who, four days later, was massacred in the terrible carnage of the Rue Haxo, had, however, secretly brought into the prison a little food, which had been conveyed to him by his friends while imprisoned at Mazas.

During the brief time of recreation, he was able to obtain access to the Archbishop, and, kneeling on the ground beside him, he fed him with a small piece of cake and a tablet of chocolate; and this was all the nourishment the poor old man received during the forty-eight hours he passed at La Roquette. Père Olivaint comforted him also with the promise of the highest consolation he could have in the hour of death, as he knew that he would have it in his power to give him the holy Viaticum at the last supreme moment. Four portions of the reserved Sacrament had been conveyed to the priest, when in Mazas, in a little common card-box, which I saw at the Jesuits' house in the Rue de Sèvres, where it is preserved as a precious relic, and this he had succeeded in bringing concealed on his breast to La Roquette.

It had been intended that this day, the 23rd, should witness the murder of the hostages, and the order was, in fact, given for the immediate execution of the whole of the prisoners who had been brought in the evening before; but the Director, shrinking in horror from the task, succeeded in evading it, at least for a time, by pretending that there was an in-

formality in the order. This day passed over, therefore, leaving them all still alive, but without the smallest hope of ultimate rescue.

In the course of the afternoon the Archbishop's intercourse with Monsieur Bonjean having been discovered, he was moved into cell No. 23, which we now went on to see. On our way towards it, the *gardien* took us down a side passage, and, opening a door, introduced us into a gallery, which we found formed part of the chapel, and was the place from which the prisoners of this corridor heard mass. Just opposite to us, on the same side with the High Altar, was a sort of balcony, enclosed by boards painted black and white, and surmounted by a cross, in which the *gardien* told us criminals condemned to death were placed to hear the mass offered for them just before their execution.

"Was the Archbishop allowed to come here for any service?" I asked.

"Monseigneur! no, indeed! to perform any religious duty was the last thing they would have allowed him to do. He was never out of his cell but once, and that was on the morning of the day he died. I will show you afterwards where he went then. *Voilà notre brave aumônier*," continued the *gardien*, pointing to an old priest who was sitting at a table in the body of the church, with two of the convicts seated beside him; "he is such a kind friend to all those wretches, but, unfortunately, he was at Mazas when Monseigneur was here."

He now took us back to the Archbishop's last abode. The door of cell No. 23, unlike those of all the others which stood open, was not only closed, but heavily barred and bolted.

"This cell," said the *gardien*, "has never been used or touched in any way since Monseigneur occupied it. It has been kept in precisely the same state as that in which he left it: the bed has not even been made; you will see it exactly as it was when he rose from it at the call of those who summoned him out to die." It seemed at first rather doubtful

whether we should see it, for the *gardien* had taken a key from his pocket while he was speaking, and was now trying to unlock the door and open the many bolts, which were stiff and rusty from long disuse. With the exertion of his utmost strength, he could not for a long time move them all, and I thought, as the harsh grating noise of the slowly turning key echoed through the corridor, how terrible that sound must have been to the unfortunate Archbishop, when he last heard it, accompanied by coarse and cruel menaces shouted through the door, which told him it was opening to bring him out to a bitter death. The *gardien* made so many ineffectual efforts before he succeeded, that I felt quite afraid it would not be possible for him to admit us, and I said so to him, with an exclamation of satisfaction, when I saw the heavy bolts at last give way. He had by this time quite discovered the interest I took in the object of his own almost passionate veneration and love, and, turning to me, he said, "Madame, I would have opened this door for you if I had been obliged to send for a locksmith to do it, for I see how you feel for our martyred father; but you may well be content to gain admission to this cell, for thousands have asked to see it and have been refused. I am sole guardian of it, and I keep the key by my side all day, and under my pillow at night, and those only enter here who have some strong claim for admission."

He threw open the door as he spoke, standing back to let me pass, and I went in. I stood for a few minutes within that miserable cell, unable to speak, so great was the shock I received from the conviction of the absolute malignity which must have dictated the arrangements of the poor Archbishop's last resting-place on earth. Having seen the other cells, and the comparatively comfortable beds provided for even the worst criminals amongst the convicts, I saw that it must have been a studied purpose which had prepared so squalid and revolting a couch for the aged and dying "father of his people." A low,

rude framework of wood, totally different from the iron bedsteads in the other rooms, was spread with a palliase of the coarsest description, torn open down the centre, so that the straw—far from clean—with which it was scantily filled was all exposed to view; over this was thrown one ragged woollen covering, stained and black, as if it had been left unwashed after long use in some low locality, and one very small, hard bolster, which, apparently from similar usage, had lost all appearance of having ever been white: in so many words, the whole furniture of the bed looked as if it had been extracted from the lowest and darkest den in the worst quarters of Paris, for the express purpose of making such a couch as one would shrink from touching with the tip of one's fingers. I need not enter into the details which made me with justice call it revolting, but I am sure that no English gentleman would have bid his dog lie down upon it. Such as it was, however, the Archbishop, faint and failing in the long death-agony which began for him when he entered La Roquette, had been fain to stretch upon it his worn-out frame and aching limbs—but not to sleep, for the *gardien* believed he never closed his eyes in that his last night on earth. It was strictly true that everything had been religiously preserved in the precise state in which he left it—we could see that the bed had not been touched; the pillow was still displaced, as it had been by the uneasy movements of the poor grey head that assuredly had found no rest thereon, and the woollen cover was still thrown back, just as the Archbishop's own hand had flung it off when he rose at the call of his murderers, to look for the last time on the face of God's fair sun.

"Et il faisait un si beau temps," as an eye-witness said of that day. "Mon Dieu! quelle belle journée de printemps nous avions ce maudit vingt-quatre Mai!" One happy recollection alone relieves the atmosphere of cruelty and hate which seems to hang round the stone walls of this death chamber—for it was here on that last morning

that the Archbishop received from the hands of Père Olivaint the Sacred Food, in the strength of which he was to go that same day even to the Mount of God.

From here, too, in the early morning of the 24th, he went to gain the only breath of fresh air which he was allowed to breathe at La Roquette. During the usual half-hour's recreation permitted to the convicts, he descended with the rest into the first courtyard, and there one other moment of consolation came to him, which brightened the Via Dolorosa he was treading, with a last gleam of joy. Monsieur Bonjean, who shared with him his prison and his death, had been in the days of his life and liberty a determined unbeliever; but since he came into the Dépôt des Condamnés he had been seen on every possible occasion in close conversation with the Père Clerc, one of the doomed priests; and on this morning, as the Archbishop, unable from weakness to walk about, leant for support against the railing of a stair, Monsieur Bonjean came up, and, stretching out his hands to him with a smile, prayed Monseigneur to bless him, for, he said, he had seen the Truth standing, as it were, at the right hand of Death, and he, too, was about to depart in the faith of Christ.

It was a relief to remember that these last rays of sunshine had gleamed for the old man through the very shadow of death, amid the terribly painful associations of the place in which I stood, and the *gardien* waited patiently while I lingered, thinking of it all; at last, however, as he was stooping over the bed, showing me where the outline of the weary form that had lain on it could still be traced, he said, in a very aggrieved tone—

"Look what an Englishman did, who was allowed to enter here: when I had turned my head away just for one moment, he robbed me of this;" and he showed me that a little morsel of the woollen cover had been torn off, no doubt to be kept as a sacred relic.

"I was just going to ask you if I

might take a little piece of the straw on which Monseigneur lay," I said.

"By all means," answered the *gardien*; "you are most welcome."

I took a very small quantity, and was turning to go away, when he said—

"Would you not like some more? Why have you taken so little?"

"Because, as you spoke of an Englishman's depredations, I did not want to make you complain of an Englishwoman too."

"I did not know you were English," he said, looking sharply round at me; and I felt afraid I should have cause to regret the admission, for I had discovered, during my residence in Paris, that the children of "perfidie Albion" are not by any means in the good graces of Frenchmen, at the present juncture. In the commencement of the war it was the popular belief amongst them that their ally of the old Crimean days would certainly come forward to succour France in her terrible strait, and they have not yet forgiven us, if they ever do, for our strict maintenance of neutrality.

The *gardien*, however, after the first moment of evident annoyance, seemed to make up his mind to overlook my nationality, and gave me a generous handful of straw, before he once more locked up the cell, telling me that no one would ever be allowed to occupy it again. An open door, a few steps farther on, led into that which had been appropriated to Monsieur Deguerrey, Curé of the Madeleine, and as I glanced into it I saw a fairly comfortable bed, with good sheets and blankets.

"How much better Monsieur Deguerrey was lodged than the Archbishop," I said to the *gardien*.

"Everyone was better lodged than Monseigneur," he answered: "*cette canaille de Commune* did all they could to make him suffer from first to last."

On this fatal day, the 24th of May, the rapid successes of the Versaillais showed the authorities of the Commune that the term of their power might almost be numbered by hours, and these hours they determined should be devoted

to revenge for their recognized defeat. At six o'clock in the evening an order came to the Director of La Roquette for the instant execution of the whole body of prisoners who had been brought from Mazas, to the number of sixty.

Once more the Director remonstrated, not as on the previous day, on the ground of informality, but because of the wholesale nature of the intended massacre. Messages on this subject went to and fro between the prison and the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the leading Communists were assembled, for the space of about an hour, and, finally, a compromise was effected—they agreed only to decimate the sixty condemned, on condition that they themselves chose the victims. It was known to all concerned that their rancour was chiefly directed against the priests—"those men who," as one of the sufferers remarked, "had inconvenienced this wicked world for eighteen hundred years"—but there were many of that detested class at La Roquette, and to the last moment none knew who would be chosen for death.

At seven o'clock the executioners arrived, headed by Ferré, Lolive, and others—it was a confused assemblage of National Guards, Garibaldians, and "vengeurs de la République," and they were accompanied by women of the pétroleuse stamp, and by numbers of the "gamins de Paris," who were, throughout the whole reign of the Commune, more than any others absolutely insatiable for blood.

Up the prison stairs they swarmed, this dreadful mob, shouting threats and curses, with every opprobrious epithet they could apply to the prisoners, and especially to the Archbishop. Ferré and the other ringleaders advanced into the corridor, and the *gardien* showed me where they stood in the vacant space, on the left side facing the row of cells which contained their victims. Then, in a loud voice, the list of doomed men was read out:—

"Georges Darboy—se disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu"—and the door of the cell I had just seen was thrown open,

and the Archbishop of Paris came out, wearing the purple *soutane* which now, stained with blood and riddled with balls, is preserved in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He walked forward, stood before his executioners, and meekly bowed his head in silence, as the sentence of death was read to him. "Gaspard Deguerry" was next called, with the same blasphemous formula; and the Curé of the Madeleine, whose eighty years of blameless life might well have gained him the right to pass by gentler means to the grave which must in any case have been so near, responded to the summons. "Léon Ducoudray, of the Company of Jesus," a tall, fine-looking man, passed from his cell, and stood looking with a smile of quiet contempt on his murderers. He had been rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and had done much for the cause of education.

"Alexis Clerc, of the same Company."

It was with a light step and a bright look of joy that this priest answered the ominous call, for his one ambition all his life had been to attain to the glory of martyrdom, and he saw that the consummation of his longing desires was close at hand.

"Michel Allard, ambulance chaplain," and a gentle, kindly-looking man stepped forward, whose last days had been spent in assuaging the pangs of those who were yet to suffer less than himself.

"Louis Bonjean, Président de la Cour de Cassation." Some private spite probably dictated the addition of this one layman to the list of the condemned, but with his name the fatal number was filled up, and the order was given to the prisoners to march at once to execution. They were left free to walk side by side as they pleased on that last path of pain, and with touching consideration the Archbishop chose Monsieur Bonjean as his companion, claiming from him the support his own physical weakness so sorely needed, while he strengthened the soul of the new-made convert with noble words of faith and courage. The Curé of the Madeleine followed, sup-

ported on either side by the Fathers Ducoudray and Clerc, for he alone of the six doomed men showed any sign of fear; but it was a mere passing tremor, pardonable, indeed, in one so aged and feeble. Monsieur Allard came next, walking alone, and reciting prayers in a low voice.

Determined as the Communists were to consummate their cruel deed, they were, it seemed, not only ashamed of it, but afraid of the consequences, for they did not dare to take their victims out by the principal entrance, but made them go down a small turning staircase in one of the side turrets.

Père Ducoudray had his breviary in his hand, and as they passed through a room where the concierge was standing, he gave it to him, in order that it might not fall into the hands of any of the profane rabble around, and told him to keep it for himself. The porter took it, glad to have some remembrance of so good a man, but the captain of the firing party had seen what had passed, and with an oath he snatched the book from the man's hand and flung it on the fire. When they had all gone out, the concierge rescued it from the flames, in which it was only partly consumed, and I saw it, where it is still religiously preserved, in the house of the Rue de Sévres, with its half-burned pages and scorched binding.

The condemned were led down three or four steps into the first of the two narrow courtyards which, as I said, surround three sides of the prison, and it was originally intended that they should on this spot suffer death.

While the firing-party made ready, the Archbishop placed himself on the lowest step, in order to say a few words of pity and pardon to his executioners. As the *gardien* showed me, with much minute detail, where and how Monseigneur stood, I inquired if it was true that two of his assassins had knelt at his feet to ask his blessing?

"Yes," he answered, "it was perfectly true, but they were not allowed to remain many instants on their knees. Monseigneur had time to say that he

forgave them, but not to bless them, as he wished, before with blows and threats they were made to start to their feet, and the Archbishop was ordered to go and place himself against the wall, that he might die."

But at the moment when the condemned were about to range themselves in line, the Communists perceived that they were just below the windows of the Infirmary, and that the sick prisoners were looking out upon the scene. Even before the eyes of these poor convicts they did not dare to complete their deed of darkness, and the prisoners were ordered to retrace their steps down the long courtyard that they might be taken into the outer one, and there at last meet their fate.

I could measure what a long weary way they had thus to go, in those awful moments, when they had believed the bitterness of death was almost already past; for we walked slowly down the stone-paved path they trod, while the *gardien* detailed to me every little incident of the mournful journey—how on one spot Père Ducoudray saw a prisoner, whom he knew well, making signs of passionate anguish at his fate, from an upper window, and, smiling, waved his hand to him, like one who sends back a gay farewell to holiday friends upon the shore, when he is launching out on a summer sea, to take a voyage of pleasure—and how, a little farther on, the Archbishop had cast such a gentle look of pity on a man who was uttering blasphemies in his ear, that it awoke enough compunction in the heart of the leading Communist to make him say with sternness to the rabble, "We are here to shoot these men, and not to insult them,"—and how at last, as they came in sight of the place of execution, Père Clerc tore open his *soutane*, that his generous heart might receive uncovered the fiery messengers which brought him the martyr's death he had wooed so long and won at last.

They had to pass through a gate leading to the outer enclosure, and here there was another painful delay, while the key was procured from the interior of the

prison, to unlock it; and as soon as we, too, had crossed this barrier, and come to the entrance of the second *chemin de ronde* on the right side, we knew that the last scene of the tragedy was before us, for on the dark stone wall at the end there stood out in strong relief a white marble slab surmounted by a cross.

We walked towards it over the stones which paved the centre, while against the wall on either side were borders of flowers which had evidently been cultivated with great care. I asked the *gardien* if these blooming plants had been growing there when the victims and their executioners passed along. "No," he said, "there was nothing of what you see now. I planted these myself afterwards, and I tend them daily—it is a little mark of honour to this holy place." And holy, in truth, it seemed, for it was like walking up the nave of a cathedral towards an altar of sacrifice as we advanced nearer and nearer to the goal. When we were within about twenty paces of the end, the *gardien* put his hand on my arm and stopped me, pointing downwards. I saw at my feet a stone gutter which—how or why I knew not—was stained dark and red. "Here the firing-party took up their position," he said; "you see how close they were to the victims." He went a little aside, and placing himself against the angle of the prison wall, "Here Ferré stood," he continued, "as with a loud voice he gave the order to the National Guards to fire." Finally the *gardien* walked a few steps farther on, and taking off his hat, he held it in his hand, and made the sign of the cross, while he said, "And here——." Then he was silent, and there was no need that he should finish his sentence; the gentleman who was with me uncovered also, and not a word was spoken by any of us for some minutes. What we saw was this—a very high wall of dark stone which, at a distance of about five feet from the ground, was deeply marked with the traces of balls which must have struck it in vast numbers within the space of a few yards from right to left, and in the centre of

the portion thus indelibly scored was the white marble slab we had seen from the other end. I could now read the inscription engraved upon it, which was as follows:—

Respect à ce lieu,
Témoïn de la mort des nobles et saintes
victimes

du xxiv. Mai, MDCCCLXXI.

Monseigneur Darboy, Georges, Archevêque de Paris.

Monsieur Bonjean, Louis, Président de la Cour de Cassation.

Monsieur Deguerry, Gaspard, Curé de la Madeleine.

Le Père Ducoudray, Léon, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Le Père Clerc, Alexis, de la compagnie de Jésus.

Monsieur Allard, Michel, aumônier d'ambulance.

Below, four cypresses had been planted, enclosing the oblong space where the victims stood; the two nearest to the wall had completely withered away, as though they refused to live and flourish on the very spot where the innocent blood had been shed, but the other two were fresh and vigorous, and had sent out many a strong green shoot, seeming to symbolize, as it were, those lives transplanted to that other clime where they might yet revive in the free air of Paradise, to die no more.

When we had stood some time in the midst of the peculiar stillness which seemed all around this solemn place, the *gardien* gave me a few details of the final moments. He said that the condemned men were placed in a line with their backs to the wall where the bullet marks now were: Monsieur Bonjean stood first on the right, Père Clerc next to him, Monsieur Deguerry followed, on whose other side was Père Ducoudray, then the Archbishop, and, last, Monsieur Allard. At the moment when Ferré gave the order to fire, Monseigneur raised his right hand, in order with his last breath to give the blessing to his executioners; as he did so, Lolive, who stood with the firing-party, though not one of the appointed assassins, exclaimed, "That is your benediction, is it? then here is mine!" and fired his revolver straight at the old man's heart. Then

came the volley, twice repeated. The two Jesuit priests were the first to fall. Monsieur Deguerry sunk on his knees, and from thence lifeless to the ground. Monsieur Allard did the same, but supported himself in a kneeling position against the wall for an instant before he expired. Monsieur Bonjean had a moment of terrible convulsion, which left him a distorted heap on the earth; the Archbishop was the last to remain upright. I asked the *gardien* if he had lingered at all in his agony, and he answered, "Not an instant—he was already dead when he fell—as they all were." *Requiescant in pace!*

In the dead of night the six mangled bodies were thrown upon a hurdle and conveyed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they arrived at three in the morning; and there, without coffins, or ceremony of any kind, they were thrown one on the top of another into a trench which had been opened at the south-east angle of the burial-place, close to the wall. There they were found, four days later, by the troops of Versailles when they came to occupy the cemetery, and they at once removed the bodies. Monseigneur Darboy and Monsieur Deguerry were taken with a guard of honour to the Archevêché in the Rue de Grenelle, in order to be buried at Notre Dame; the two Jesuit priests were sent to their own home, Rue de Sèvres; and Monsieur Bonjean and Monsieur Allard were left in the chapel of Père la Chaise.

Lolive, the Communist, to whose name is attached so terrible a memory, was

still alive in the prison of Versailles at the moment when I stood on the spot where he uttered that last cruel insult to the defenceless Archbishop; but only a few days later, on the 18th of last September, he expiated his crime at the butts of Satory, and drank of that same bitter cup of death which he had held so roughly to those aged lips.

There was nothing to detain us any longer amid those mournful scenes; as we turned to go away, the *gardien* gathered a little sprig of heliotrope and some pansies from the spot where the Archbishop died, and gave them to me; and when I thanked him for the minuteness of detail by which he had enabled me to realize so vividly the whole great tragedy, he answered, "Madame, I have shown you everything I possibly could, for I honour those who know how to revere the memory of our murdered father." He took leave of us, and walked away. Then we went back the long distance to the gate, receiving silent salutations from the Director, the turnkey with whom I had first conversed, and the concierge—none of whom seemed to wish to hold any communication with us after we had been on that sad spot. One after another the great doors closed behind us, and we drove away. In another moment the dark frowning walls of La Roquette disappeared from our sight, and we went on into the gay bright world of Paris, where still the sun was shining on the broad Boulevards, and merry children were playing in the gardens, and songs and laughter filled the air.

F. M. F. SKENE.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

THOUGH England has been spared any violent revolution during the last fifty years, it may be doubted whether there is any corresponding period in her history when the actual condition of her people has changed so entirely in so short a time. From stage-coaches to railways; from formal letters to half-penny post-cards; from an occasional messenger to a frequent telegram—these are external alterations which affect every detail of individual life, and the relations of all classes to each other. From these and other concurrent causes have arisen a more intimate knowledge of each other's circumstances, and an increased desire amongst the wealthy to assist the poorer members of the community. But whilst by this sympathy with the poor the duty of assisting them has been called into greater activity than formerly, a change has passed over the public mind as to the best mode of fulfilling it. It is felt that real charity involves an amount of thought and time which should make it a labour of love, and not a mere gift of money. It is also felt that to make such charity effectual it is further required that it should be well organized, and that the different workers should be in harmony with each other. The practical recognition of these truths has led, among many other results, to the formation of two associations, in which the Lady Bountiful of the past is happily changed into the working friend of the present day. The associations alluded to are the Parochial Mission Women Society, and the Supplemental Ladies' Association. An account of the former society having been written by its President, the Honourable Mrs. J. C. Talbot, and a notice of the latter brought out under the editorship of the Countess Spencer, it is only necessary here to

state very briefly their history and distinctive principles.¹

The Parochial Mission Women Society was founded in 1860 by four ladies,² who still take a leading part in its councils, though the growth and success of their work have obliged them to ask others to assist them in its present management. The chief principles on which these ladies based their operations, and from which they have never deviated, are as follows:—

1. That the work of each district should be in entire subordination to the parochial clergy.

2. That the selection of both the female agents employed there should rest with the incumbent.

3. That the details and organization of the work should be under the direction of the managers of the Parochial Mission Women Fund.

4. That, the object of the Association being merely to help the poor to help themselves, all distribution of gifts be forbidden to their agents.

Lady Spencer has herself described her visit to the East of London some six years ago, the impression then made on her mind by the poverty of the inhabitants, increased by the absence of any superior classes, and her consequent desire to mitigate somewhat the vast distress by enlisting helpers from the West. She has further stated her reasons for desiring co-operation with an association that had at its command a large number of resident and experienced agents, and a well-tested organization. The Supplemental Ladies

¹ "Parochial Mission Women," by the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Talbot: Rivingtons.

"East and West," edited by Countess Spencer: Longmans.

² The Hon. Mrs. J. C. Talbot (President), Lady Henry Scott, Lady Hatherley, and Lady Selborne.

whom she has banded together, aim less at the mere relief of distress than at the diminution of its causes. They desire to help the poor, but they dread increasing pauperism; a feeling entirely shared by the founders of the Parochial Mission Women Association. Some years ago, a lady who had been hearing with great interest of its early efforts, asked Lord Hatherley what in his opinion would be the best proof of the successful working of a Mission after ten years' continuance in a parish? "A steady diminution of the poor-rates," was his reply. The public has been recently cheered by the authoritative statement of a decrease of pauperism and increase of work among the inhabitants of the metropolis. How far these two results follow each other, and are dependent on the same causes, are questions beyond the province of this paper to determine. Nor is it intended to claim for the two Associations here referred to credit wholly beyond their deserts. But it is hardly too much to hope that the 150 Parochial Mission Women employed in various parts of London under their respective superintendents, have, in teaching the poor to save, while themselves forbidden to give, contributed in some degree to the improved state of the metropolis. While rejoicing over the little that has been accomplished, let us rouse ourselves to fresh exertions for the much that remains to be attempted, more especially in rescuing the children of our poor from some of the avoidable miseries that darken and degrade the lives of their parents.

Good food, clothing, and education are necessary to the healthy development of young life. But these three blessings are seldom enjoyed by city children, not because they do not exist, but because their parents either do not know how, or do not care, to obtain them. To begin with food: regular meals are seldom provided, excepting on Sundays, when this Christian festival is kept by eating as much as possible; but during the week "they pick as they go," as much as they can find, and frequently contract as infants that terrible habit of drinking

which has been the ruin of their parents. The utter ignorance of cooking shown by the women, and the absence of tidy places in which to keep, or of stoves on which to prepare food, have often suggested the idea of providing dinners at a rate within the means of the poorest.

With this idea, one of the Supplemental Ladies arranged with the admirable superintendent of the Mission which had been assigned to her, that twice a week cheap hot dinners should be sold to the children and adults connected with the Mission. Lady S. was willing to provide fuel, labour, and cooking utensils. She made it, however, a condition that the price paid by the consumer should cover the entire cost of the food, and allow a small margin for such accidents as we are proverbially told to look for, even in the best-regulated families. This was done for three following winters, and with perfect success. During three months 887 adults and 954 children purchased their dinners at this kitchen, paying one farthing, one half-penny, three-farthings, or a penny per plate, the prices varying with the articles provided. The dinners consisted of stew and vegetables, or of broth with pieces of meat floating in it, or of rice puddings and sweet sauce; or mince and fruit pies, or of roly-polly puddings rich with raisins and treacle. As a rule the women took their dinners away with them, and the children—chiefly boys—ate it on the spot. The locality was more remarkable than the viands. The little room could not contain the numbers who came to buy a good cheap dinner, and a table was laid under a railway arch, where a merry party would enjoy themselves. The civilizing process was much furthered by these dinners. At first when a plateful of meat or pudding was handed to one of our street Arabs, he would look up and grin, empty the contents into one hollowed palm, return the plate to the cook, and proceed to eat out of his own hand. To sit down to a regular meal spread on a table covered with a white cloth, was an entirely new life to the children; and when Lady S. added knives, forks,

and spoons to her *ménage*, without charging anything for their use, the wonder grew! At first these implements were looked at, and grinned over, as a sort of practical joke, with which the lads had nothing to do. Great care was taken not to interfere with the liberty of the subjects, by forbidding the use of fingers instead of forks. But after a time art conquered nature. Little refinements were added one by one, and at intervals of weeks or even months, while the boys were wisely left to teach each other as much as possible. For instance, at first a large plate of salt occupied the middle of the table, into which each dipped his fingers. This was succeeded by four salt-cellars (a wonderful display of grandeur in the children's eyes), but the addition of salt-spoons proved for a long time a failure, as each boy not only helped himself, but stirred his soup with the salt-spoon before returning it to the cellar. Though the purchasers were members of the lowest and poorest classes, and though the small kitchen was crowded with hungry lads of all ages, the Lady Superintendent, to whose ability and patience the whole success of the plan is owing, not only maintained order, but inspired her rough customers with a chivalrous respect that was in itself an entire protection. Only once did a new boy venture to "give sauce," and the treatment he instantly received from his companions was so summary, that Miss S. was obliged to interfere to secure the safety of the offender. Some of the children bought their dinners with wages gained in singular ways. On one occasion a small fellow burst into tears at his own inability to buy a slice of pudding. His elder brother desired him to "bide a bit," and shortly after returned with a penny he had earned by "turning hisself a wheel," and generously spent it in feeding the little one, regardless of his own hunger. Nor was the popularity of these dinners confined to children. The women who belonged to that Mission gladly availed themselves of the permission to purchase wholesome food at a cheap rate, and

expressed great regret when at the end of the winter the kitchen was closed. Our old friend,¹ Mrs. Law (the pickle-maker), dictated a letter on the subject, in which, after mentioning that her dress "was as good as new, and has never been mended, as it don't no ways need it," and strongly recommending the Digestive Pickle, as an excellent relish for the tea-table, she proceeds to say,—

"The soup was very useful to me all the winter, and I am very sorry there is none now, for I misses it very much, having no time to cook, and if I buy a pudding as they sell next door to where I lives it costs fourpence, and a penny for potatoes, which is dear, and then the meat is often so hard that I can't eat it, only the paste; and rice you can't buy so nice; so no more at present from

"Your obedient Servant,
"MRS. LAW."

Another kitchen on the same principles is at work in a still poorer part of London, and with equal success. Every article is sold at a trifle over cost price, and paid for before it is eaten. The Superintendent, in this case, can get fish as well as other viands at a low rate; but soups, stews, and puddings are the most popular because the cheapest dishes. Here, too, the whole credit of the success is due to the skill and devotion of the Lady Superintendent, who not only makes most of the purchases, and keeps all the accounts, but herself presides over the cooking, carving, and measuring, and eats her own luncheon with her customers—thus teaching them the use of table-cloths and forks. It was found that 2,025 hot dinners were sold during four months, at an average cost of five farthings per head. Experience here and elsewhere shows that kitchens of the kind described above might be made self-supporting, if only once started on a humble level, and conducted from the first on the principle of *bona fide* sale without profit of cheap food. If a ground-floor of some house as near as possible

¹ See "East and West," page 40.

to the schools be taken, with a good back-kitchen or outhouse, it will be easy to provide dinners for forty or fifty twice or thrice a week. And once well started, the scheme would soon grow. Much difficulty exists as to the management; for it is not easy to find anyone who combines capacity with the industry requisite for the hard work. In the instances given, the Supplemental Ladies had the rare advantage of free educated labour, in the superintendents of the Parochial Mission Women's Association—whose thorough knowledge of the inhabitants, as well as of the shops and markets of each locality, gives them a power of service which is invaluable.

Not only in the instances referred to, but in those of Sick Kitchens, which we are about to relate, the Superintendent has been teacher and mistress to the temporary cook; and where the services of such a lady can be secured the thing is easy, as a clean, active woman can generally be found glad to work under direction for one shilling a day and her dinner. It is common enough to hear Englishwomen blamed for their ignorant and extravagant cooking; here is an easy way of teaching them better. Let any educated person with health, leisure, and patience, first do the thing herself, and then teach the simple art to some one of the many unemployed women desirous of earning their livelihood by their industry. The expense and risk of starting such a kitchen are so small, that there are few localities where some benevolent person would not undertake this for the first six months; at the end of which time the business could be carried on upon the ordinary trade principles, the previous limitations as to the frequency of the cooking and the position of the purchasers, which greatly diminish profits, being removed, as unnecessary when the work is no longer managed by volunteers. The selection of the food sold requires experience and good sense. Charitable persons sometimes imagine that the kindest thing to be done for the poor is to provide them with food similar to what they order for their own tables, whereas

their tastes and appetites are very different, and may be gratified at a cheaper rate and more within their means.

The kitchens hitherto referred to are intended only for the healthy, who should be required to purchase their food. But sickness is an exception to all general rules; and the Supplemental Ladies whose work is here related, gladly give to those who are incapacitated from earning. During the first month after confinements, three dinners a week at fourpence apiece can be bought at an eating-house in most parts of London, and carried by the Mission Woman to the patient—a plan which secures their being eaten by her and not by her family. These dinners consist of slices from a joint and vegetables, and are far more nourishing than the perpetual mutton chops which form many people's only idea of a dinner to a sick person—an idea which Miss Nightingale, in her "Notes upon Nursing," has shown to be a fallacy. During the late outbreak of small-pox, even more than this was done in some of the missions where that terrible malady was rife. Want of space prevents our describing more than one arrangement, which was mainly intended for children. Three days a week a good hot dinner was cooked, served, and eaten in the Mission House by convalescent small-pox patients. The meal consisted of beef, mutton, veal, or fish, with plenty of garden stuff and half-a-pint of beer per head. The room and the passage were cleaned after each meal with disinfectants; and the entire expense of food, fuel, and labour, for 287 dinners, was only 5*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*, being rather under 4½*d.* per head. Many of the children were too small to sit on an ordinary bench, and used, therefore, to be placed on the floor in a row behind a form borrowed from the Infant School, which served the double purpose of a boundary and a table; while the daughter of the Mission Woman fed them in turn from a large bason, in which meat, bread, vegetables, and gravy were mixed together in that happy confusion so beloved by the young. Poor little things! Many of them were scarred, maimed, and injured by this terrible

disease; and the wisest form of kindness was this plan of Lady C.'s for providing them with an excellent meal in a clean, bright, airy room, away from their own wretched homes. It is needless to say that this Invalid Kitchen was popular, and that even the dread of infection could not keep off a crowd of applicants. One day, two young girls had resisted all orders to leave the threshold, whence they watched with hungry eyes the distribution among the sickly and suffering party. The Mission Woman who always assisted on these occasions, went to the door and desired them to go away, when one of the girls said, "Please, I've had the small-pox—please give me a dinner." On inquiry it was found seven years had elapsed since that happy illness. As the girl turned to go, her companion said, cheerily, "Mother says she thinks I'll soon ketch it, for three of us is down, and I always sleeps with Billy, who's got it thick as thick."

From good food to decent clothing is a natural transition; and the first work of a Parochial Mission Woman is to induce the most destitute to save pence, and even farthings, for the gradual purchase of clothes. Several thousand pounds are annually collected by them for this purpose from the London poor. Not only is complete payment required for every article before its removal from the custody of the Lady Superintendent; but the Managers do not allow any bonus to be added to the sum collected by the Mission Women. The goods, of whatever kind, are sold at their real value; the object of the Association being to teach the poor, by the example of one of their own class, the possibility of thrift, comfort, and respectability, by the right use of the small means within their reach. Many have been unaccustomed to the luxury of clean linen until thus taught it. A former Superintendent gives the following illustration:—

"A widow told me she was a laundress, and 'had been in that walk of life the best part of her days.' Since the Mission had been established, she had been persuaded 'to take a card,' and now it 'comed as reg'lar as the rent' to put

by sixpence or threepence a-week for clothes. She'd 'been at it four or five years, and had quite turned herself round, so to speak.' Then there was her 'gal' who was in the waistcut work; she never had but one shimmy till she took a card, and now, bless ye, she's quite the lady, she's three nice white shimmies.' Mistaking my remark, she went on. 'Where be they? Un's on 'er, un's hoff, and un's in the tub. I soaped it well.'"

But as large numbers of households own but one vessel in which both they and their clothes are washed, and their food is cooked, it might be thought scarcely possible for them to secure to themselves a change of clean linen. Here the Discharged Female Prisoners' Aid Society has stepped in. They undertake to fetch, wash, and return the clothing for sixpence per dozen. Through their instrumentality the cotton gowns which are worn by the cooks in some of the above-described kitchens are washed once a week.

Clean clothes lead to a desire for good boots, and a great many pairs are sold to the depositors every year, some of the superintendents making special arrangements with a shoemaker for the purpose. Others deal in humbler articles. One lady expressed in a letter her delight at receiving from her Supplemental friend, among other things, what she drolly calls "that boon of boons, old boots and shoes." This Mission is in one of the lowest suburbs, and contains many "translators," i.e. persons whose trade is to patch old shoes with each other so cleverly as to make them fit for the secondhand trade. Some idea may be gained of the poverty of the people among whom this Mission is carried on, by the fact that they generally deposit for the purchase of a single boot or shoe after its translation, finding a whole pair at a time too costly for their small savings.

How to educate the masses may be called the question of the day. The Supplemental Ladies reply—by dealing with them as individuals; and few parts of their work are fuller of interest and promise than those which relate to

children rescued from bad air or evil influences. The streets and lanes of our city abound with rude boys and naughty girls, capable of being made blessings, but certain to become pests if left to themselves. A good, motherly, Mission Woman often comes in contact with such children, and if she possesses tact and kindness, obtains great influence over the little folks, until they implore her "to take them away and make good children of them." Special cases of this kind are referred by the superintendent to her Supplemental Lady—thanks to whose assistance many a wild Arab is being raised into a Christian citizen. Of course care and judgment are needed in fitting the child to the school for which he or she is best suited; but in this the Lady is aided by the knowledge of the case furnished to her by the Superintendent of the Mission to which the child belongs. One rule is invariably observed, viz. that the parents, if living, must contribute towards the maintenance of their own offspring. To make a child independent of its parents is to weaken a sacred tie, and therefore to inflict a moral injury on each of them. The amount paid may be determined by circumstances; but it must be distinctly understood by both parties as a solemn and mutual engagement that the contribution of the Supplemental Lady is dependent for its continuance on the regularity of the payment by the parents of their portion of the guaranteed total. This principle is felt to be so essential that the following is the only instance in which it was combated.

Mrs. Trotter, as she may be called, is a widow with several children. Her eldest boy has been truly described as "being as bad a piece of goods as you could find if you was to look far and wide." Through the kindness of Lady M. C., Bill was taken into the Newport Market Industrial School, the mother agreeing to pay eighteenpence a week to meet a shilling from Lady M. Three weeks after the happy entry of Bill at Soho, Mrs. Trotter suddenly disappeared from the parish where she had lived for years. She was traced to another, some distance off, but still in the East of

London, and the Mission Woman of the new locality was sent to call upon her. But when asked for her weekly payment she utterly refused to continue it, stating that she had ascertained that many boys were educated free at that school, and therefore she should not pay for her son. It was in vain that her written agreement was shown, and her own promise put before her. Mrs. Trotter stuck to it that she "weren't agoing to pay, and had moved sooner nor do it." She was given to the end of the quarter to think better of the case; and then, after due warning, Bill was returned to his mother, and the letter from the Committee of the Newport Market School duly read to the assembled mothers at the old and the new Mission, while Mrs. Trotter's faithlessness was explained, and its consequences related. To the credit of the parents be it said, that out of forty cases where this arrangement has been made, this is the only one where the promised payment has been deliberately withdrawn.

Several other boys rescued by the Parochial Mission Women Association have been placed at Newport Market School with the happiest results. O. B. is a labourer in the gas factory, and works alternate weeks by day or night. His wife died, leaving a number of children, of whom Pat, aged thirteen, was worthy of the bush. Neither kicks nor halfpence, bribes nor blows, could induce him to attend school; and he also objected on principle to sleeping in a house. The roof, gutter, or the empty water-butts were his favourite resort at night, but a railway arch or a doorstep have also furnished him with a couch. O. B. came to the Mission Woman one evening in despair; she consulted with her Superintendent, and the result was that the father went to Soho, attended the committee, made the needful arrangements, and settled to bring Pat the following Tuesday and hand him over to the Newport Market authorities. Unluckily, the boy heard of the plan, and having no wish to lose his freedom, left home entirely. What was to be done? O. B. had no leisure to hunt

him up, and no power when found to keep the wild creature from bolting afresh. So he went to a set of young roughs and told them he wanted "his own kid fetched" to him on a certain day and hour, promising to reward them for the capture with sixpence! The plan succeeded, and Pat was dragged by his father from the remotest East to Soho by "the scruff of his neck," O. B. assuring the committee that he dared not lift a finger or the lad would have been off. So dirty, ragged, bare-footed, shock-headed was he, that even the Gentlemen's Committee were startled at this specimen of a London heathen. A few months afterwards Pat was admitted to the band of the regiment where he now is, doing credit to himself and still more to the admirable school from which he had derived so much benefit in such a short time.

Instances might be multiplied of the work done among naughty boys; but enough has been said to show the united action of the two associations in this interesting and fruitful field. Nor must we linger over similar efforts for reclaiming wild girls, which have resulted in placing several in Homes and Reformatories suited to the needs of their special cases. We hasten on to relate what has been attempted for the good children of decent parents, on what may be called the preventive side of the educational question.

The work contemplated by the Managers of the Parochial Mission Women Association is twofold. They desire to help those who are capable of helping themselves out of the social gutter on to the pavement; and (which is equally desirable) to succour those whom exceptional ill-fortune is threatening to cast into the gulf of hopeless pauperism. A large number of poor people, who only earn just enough to maintain themselves and their families, desire to give their children the advantage of that state in life which is best obtained by a certain education. The occupation of the parents may oblige them to live in confined and low neighbourhoods, and they shrink from the necessary contamination for their chil-

dren of "those dreadful streets." We know that the fear of bad companions for their little ones is a feeling shared by members of all ranks in all places, for the danger is recognized even in the country. Witness the following lines which may be heard in a lonely part of Surrey:—

"My mother told me that I should
Not play with the children in the wood;
My mother told me if I did
She'd break my head with the tea-pot lid."

Gutter-children are certainly as objectionable to respectable town parents as the natives of the wood are to respectable peasants. Many of the Parochial Mission Women are widows with families, and most thankful for help to send a child of special delicacy or precocity to receive a good education in the country. Considering that the Mission Women are bound to be "*bonâ fide* poor women," are selected as models to their own class, and only receive from the Fund an allowance calculated according to their individual needs, as members of that class; they are surely specially entitled to share the benefits of plans which are intended for the hard-working, industrious poor. For instance, a Mission Woman, who had worked for some years in the East of London, lost her husband and her sons of consumption. Her second daughter, a steady, industrious girl of fifteen, worked thirteen hours a day in a small shop at a distance, but slept at home. The long walk, early and late, had to be performed at all seasons, and in all weathers, and a troublesome cough, with loss of flesh and appetite, suggested the fear that the hereditary disease would appear in Jane. The Supplemental Lady of this favoured Mission kindly arranged to send the delicate girl for two years to Lady Robartes' delightful Orphanage at Lanhydrock, where, in addition to good teaching, training, and feeding, she had the benefit of the mild Cornish climate. She behaved well at the Orphanage, and is now third housemaid in a gentleman's family in Kent, where she promises to reward the well-bestowed care that has done so much for her and her mother.

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widow who (as in the instance given above), earns a few shillings a week, by paying half or even two-thirds of the expenses of her child, if sent to a good school, away from the scenes, the influences, and the inhabitants of the Mission districts. Several of the Supplemental Ladies have accordingly helped to send girls to be trained for service in some of the many Industrial Schools now scattered through the country. Through the kindness of Lady Agnes Wood, six such children have been received at the Kenton Home, founded by the late Countess of Devon. Three are the daughters of Mission Women, the others those of poor persons in similar circumstances. All make regular weekly payments for their own children, which are supplemented by the ladies attached to their several Missions. It is much to be wished that homes modelled after the same wise plan could be multiplied. Those who enjoyed the privilege of seeing Lady Devon in her work, will recall the kind, firm, individual dealing which distinguished her rule over the children committed to her care. They will remember the strong, bright spirit no suffering could cloud or disappointment embitter, that gave to every poor girl so much of an affection, too wise to spoil, too gentle to be stern. Such memories quicken the desire for such industrial schools, small enough for the exercise of direct personal influence over the inmates, but large enough to escape the dangers of petting. The object of education is to prepare the young for the right fulfilment of the probable duties of their future life, and as man is to be fitted chiefly for the world and woman for home, so public schools are admirable training for boys, while that which is the best imitation of family life is the best preparation for girls. A preference has therefore been given by Lady Spencer's friends to Homes containing only a dozen or twenty girls of various ages, over those large Institutions, where individual training and domestic duties are apt to be lost sight of in the mechanical routine necessary to feed, wash, and clothe a hundred children.

The great difficulty of finding industrial schools for good boys, combined with the strong impression made by Mr. Goschen's minute, induced the Lady Managers to try the system of "boarding out" children, which has been working in Scotland for nearly thirty years with the happiest results. Certain alterations were necessary to fit the Scotch scheme for English use. The former was planned for "pauper children," who have no home, and either no parents or bad ones; while the boys the Supplemental Ladies desired to benefit were the children of respectable persons, who sought help for the fulfilment of a recognized duty—not relief from a distasteful burden. The feeling of dependence on the parent has been therefore deliberately cultivated, by the requirement from her of a weekly payment, and care has been taken that boarding-house and foster-parents should never supplant the home and mother.

The payments are considerably higher than those made in Scotland, where the average cost of 347 children boarded out during the year ending 14th May, 1870, was for each child as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For board	6	10	0
For clothing	1	11	7
For education	0	10	9½
	8	12	4½

In Minchin Hampton, Gloucestershire, the account for the year 1871 is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For board and clothing	10	8	0
For education	1	10	0
	11	18	0

In comparing these statements two things should be borne in mind, viz., first, that the scale of living is higher in England than in Scotland; and second, that, the entire expense of the northern children being defrayed by the poor-rates, it is the duty of the Scotch Guardians to enforce economy to a degree which would not be justified with children whose parents are not paupers.

Minchin Hampton stands on a high table-land, overlooking the "Golden

Valley" of Gloucester, 800 feet above the level of the sea. The soil is dry, and the air bracing. The poor are partly agricultural, but chiefly employed in the cloth mills dotted about in the adjoining valleys. The school-buildings are new, and the excellence of the teaching is best proved by the fact that at the examination in March, the Government Inspector passed 92 per cent. of the boys, and 98 per cent. of the girls. The Diocesan Inspector also reported well of the religious teaching, and the schools are in connection with the National Society. It is curious that the London lads, who are generally from five to twelve years of age, are decidedly backward in acquirements, as compared with their country school-fellows, but are otherwise more intelligent and better mannered. These London boys are placed under the charge of the Rector, and he alone is responsible for their management. Each child brings with him a copy of his baptismal register, and a small outfit. The Rector selects the foster-parents with whom the boy resides, and pays them four shillings per head every Saturday, which sum covers the entire cost of bed and board, clothing and washing of each boy under their care. The children attend the National School at the Rector's expense. On the arrival of a fresh boy, Miss C. B., a lady residing in the parish, has kindly undertaken to examine his outfit with the foster-mother of the child, and to see that the articles specified in the lists have been brought by him. If they are all right the foster-mother signs two copies of the list, one of which Miss C. B. retains. Every three months she again examines the clothes of each boy with the foster-mother, and sees that her promise of keeping them in order is faithfully observed. A memorandum of the weekly payments, showing the portion to be paid by the parents and that to be given by the Supplemental Lady, is sent to the Rector with each boy. In acknowledging this to the Superintendent every quarter, the Rector, through her, informs the parent of the condition and progress of her boy. It is further arranged with the National School-

master and Mistress, that they should furnish the Managers every Christmas with a full report in writing of each child, and should also send them a copy of the formal report made by H.M.'s and the Diocesan Inspectors after their annual inspection of the schools. By these means, both the parents and the Supplemental Ladies are kept well acquainted with the gradual progress or failure of each boy.

The first Londoner arrived in Minchin Hampton, December 1870, and the eighteenth followed in July 1872. Of these fifteen are orphans, four being the sons of Mission Women, one of an hospital nurse, and four more having mothers in domestic service. The writer of this paper was present at a tea recently given to the boys and their foster-mothers, and was much struck with their well-fed, well-clad, well-mannered appearance. It was evident that the lads were part and parcel of the different families into which they have been adopted; in fact, the only disturbance arose from the continual call for "Bobby" from the two-year-old child of a young foster-mother, who could not be induced to eat his cake until his foster-brother was by his side. Bobby's father was a very respectable painter, who died of consumption, leaving a widow, aged twenty-four, with two children. A third was born five months after his father's death, but only lived a few days. The mother is now in service, and sends part of her wages towards the support of Bobby and his sister Becky, the latter being at St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Want of space prevents a description of each boy, though much might be said of Dick, whose widowed mother descended from a first floor to a cellar to secure the steady payment of her weekly contribution; of "Fidgety Phil," whose mother and three sisters share their one room with the sewing-machine on which their bread depends; of little Bill, whose regular Sunday walk is to a farm-gate through which he can gaze at living sheep and poultry; of Jack, who hopes next year to enter life as a page; and Sam, whose studious habits make the schoolmaster hope that he will "take to

teaching as a profession," &c. &c. Each boy has his history, and often a sad one. Their fathers were chiefly mechanics, i.e. working jewellers, cabinet-makers, tailors, ship carpenters, shoemakers, &c. Their foster-parents are of the same class, gardeners, mechanics, and petty tradespeople. Consequently the objections so strongly urged by Mr. Fawcett do not apply to this modification of the Scotch system. For it neither relieves parents from the support of their offspring, nor places pauper children on a higher level than those of the respectable poor. The Minchin Hampton plan is only a humble effort to help the poor to procure for their sons what we most desire for our own, viz. such a bringing up, physical and moral, as shall make them healthy, manly, Christian boys. If it were not admitted on all hands to be far more difficult to attain this object in London than in the country, why should England have consented to move the Charterhouse School to Godalming; to exchange the associations of centuries for green fields, wooded slopes, pure air, and unadulterated water?

The attentive reader of "East and West" will have been struck by the simplicity and elasticity of the system described; by the variety of the workers engaged in its operations, and by the fact that the failure or success of the whole depends on the personal influence brought to bear on individual cases. As it is believed that more good is done to the poor by teaching them the right use of means within their power, than by the bestowal of fresh, so none of the plans suggested involve new buildings or expensive agents. Instead of starting fresh societies, the Supplemental Ladies endeavour to avail themselves of those already at work. In this they have been on the whole very successful, but it would be tedious to give the names of all the Hospitals, Homes, and Reformatories from which they have obtained help for various poor persons connected with different London Missions. It would be impossible to give the names of four hundred women who work together as Managers, Supplemental Ladies,

Superintendents, and Mission Women, each contributing some portion of her own special gifts, and gaining greatly by its combination with those of her fellow-workers. But however varied the plans, however numerous the agents, direct personal influence is the mainspring of the two associations. They may be said to be putting in practice the theory of the Society for Organizing Charitable Relief, whose manual contains some "general conclusions" which express so admirably the principles which guide both societies, that a portion of them may be well quoted here:—

"To benefit the poor of London permanently, thought and personal exertion are, above all things, required. The Committees desire to bring *all* who are interested in the condition of their poorer neighbours into council. They desire in every way to promote personal intercourse between different classes, as they believe the absence of this to be one of the greatest evils of city life."

More than 70,000*l.* has been saved by the lowest poor through the Parochial Mission Women Association. Can any one doubt that this large sum is the result of the influence of those poor women who day by day and hour by hour are devoting their lives to teaching thrift, cleanliness, and providence to their neighbours, and collect their farthings before their wretched owners have had time to waste them on drink? In the same way with the forty children recently placed in different schools, could these little ones have been rescued from pauperism and fitted to their several niches without "thought and personal exertion" on the part of the Supplemental Ladies and Superintendents of several Missions?

Much has been attempted, and something effected; but far more remains to be done. Are none of our readers willing to give some portion of their time, labour, and money towards furthering some of these efforts to improve the condition of the children of the poor?

L. O.

19, THURLOW SQUARE, S. W.